THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 18. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

STORY AND SONGS OF IRELAND.

An Eastern Correspondent Sends To "The Citizen" An Interesting Account of John F. Finerty's and M. J. Murphy's Lecturing Tour in New York and Massachusetts.

The American Daily Press Has Received the Joint Lecture With Remarkable Appreciation.

[To The Citizen.]

The uniquely combined lecture of the "The Story and Songs of Ireland" by Mr. John F. Finerty, editor of THE CITIZEN, and Mr. M. J. Murphy, the widely known Irish-American baritone, whose only rival in the field of Irish song is the famous William Ludwig, of Dublin, has gained extraordinary popularity, particularly in the East. The joint lecturers expected, at the outset, only a comparatively few engagements. They opened to a magnificent audience at the opera house, Buffalo, N.Y., on the evening of March 4, and since then have lectured at Syracuse, Auburn, Corning, Addison, Cortland, Hornellsville, Amsterdam, Binghampton, Elmira, Batavia, Utica and other cities in the State of New York, and at several points in Massachusetts and other States. They have also engagements at Dunkirk, Niagara Falls, Lockport, Olean and Little Falls, N. Y.; and in Jersey City, N. J., and Salem and Lawrence, Mass. In fact the approach of warm weather alone puts a temporary period to the tour. The most extraordinary feature of the lecture has been the vivid interest taken in the subject by non-Irish and non-Catholic Americans, as well as by the Irish-American and Catholic element, as a body. Mayors of the cities have presided in many instances, and Protestant ministers have sat upon the platform in company with Catholic priests. At Addison, N. Y., where the lecture was delivered on a Sunday night, all the Protestant churches suspended their evening services in order to give their congregations an opportunity of hearing the lecture, which was given in the Catholic church, as the public hall was not sufficiently large for the audience which assembled. Col. Baxter, a Scotchman by birth, a gallant veteran of the Union army, and a Protestant in faith, presided and introduced, in glowing language, Messrs. Finerty and Murphy. The Presbyterian minister of the town placed his church at their disposal in case Father Carahan's edifice should prove insufficient. It was a regular fusion of all creeds and elements on a broad platform of humanity and Americanism.

Mr. Finerty, in his discourse, does not by any means confine himself to Irish history. He also, by reason of the inevitable connections of his stirring narrative, takes generous excursions into English, Scotch and French history, and European history in general. Neither does he forget the gallant and glorious association of America and Ireland, and this portion of his lecture, which, by the way, is always rearranged at each fresh delivery, particulary arouses the enthusiasm of his American hearers. The American daily press throughout the East has given him a high meed of praise, not alone because of the manner but also the matter of his lecture.

Mr. Murphy has a magnificant range of voice and expression and his songs illustrative of the periods with which Mr. Finerty deals in his discourse, have been received with ringing applause by every audience before which he has appeared. He appears to enter fully into the spirit of his lyrics, and his fine, vigorous personality renders him a power in his particular line. He sings as if he felt every sentiment expressed in the ballads he renders.

The following condensed report, from the Lowell, Mass., *Morning Times*, of Monday, April 23, is a very sample of the manner in which the American daily newspapers have received Messrs. Finerty and Murphy:

"IRELAND'S GLORIES!

ELOQUENT LECTURE BY JOHN F. FINERTY AT ASSOCIATE HALL.

HISTORICAL FACTS DRESSED IN LANGUAGE OF COMPLIMENT.

SIX PERIODS INTERSPERSED WITH SONGS APPEALING TO THE HEART.

"It was a large and appreciative audience that attended the lecture at Associate hall last evening under the auspices of the Hibernian lodges. The lecturer was Hon. John F. Finerty, of Chicago, accompanied by the eminent vocalist, Mr. M. J. Murphy, and the subject was 'The Story and Songs of Ireland.'

"It was after 8 o'clock when the meeting was called to order by James O'Sullivan, chairman of the committee of arrangements. He extended a brief welcome, pitied those who had not come, and introduced John O'Hearn as the presiding officer. The latter gave a somewhat extended history of Mr. Finerty complimentary to him, and interspersed with incidents.

"Mr. Murphy sang in fine voice 'The Wearing of the Green,' and then Mr. Finerty began his lecture, which was divided into six periods of the history of Ireland. The first period was that of Strongbow and Henry II, from 1169 to 1172. The lecturer emphasized the fact that much of the early history of Ireland came from its enemies or from writers of small caliber who did not write so much of a history as an essay. He depicted the Pagan codition of Ireland and the reign of the Druids until the coming of St. Patrick and the conversion of the country to Christianity, the wars of the rival chiefs and the battles with the Danes.

"After Mr. Murphy had rendered Moore's 'The Valley Lay Smiling,' and responded to an encore with 'Peggy in the Low-Backed Car,' the lecturer took up the period of Art McMurrough and Richard II. He gave a stirring description of the prowess of McMurrough and pleased the Murphys and Cavanaughs with the declaration that their name was originally McMurrough. He also got in some pointed thrusts at the 'Anglo-Saxon cranks' by showing that after the Norman conquest they wore the brass collar of servitude, and made no effort for deliverance, while the Irishmen, though often crushed, never wore a collar of servitude. When he has any at all it was either gold or linen. He gave a glowing description of the defeat of the Danish army, and quoting English history showed that the 'wars of the Roses' outrivaled the story of the Kilkenny cats, the Plantagenet houses of York and Lancaster robbing, murdering, poisoning and assassinating their own kin until the royal line was exterminated. Irishmen fight for a principle, but these rival houses only fought to show that the great-grandfather of one was born a few months before that of the other fellow.

"Mr. Murphy sang again, and the lecturer came to the time of Hugh O'Neil and Queen Elizabeth. He ventilated the record of Henry VIII, who forsook Catholicism when he couldn't get a divorce and then became a Pope in England and granted himself a divorce as a prelude to several later divorces by the ax. He gave credit to the ability of Elizabeth, but stigmatized her tyrannical career and her sensuality, and gave a vivid description of how O'Neil met treachery with treachery and tricked the Queen when she was overcome by his fine figure and bearing so that he stored up powder and lead for the big battles which came to the glory of Ireland. His description of this period was a stirring one, and the audience were aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm when Mr. Murphy followed with the inspiring notes of 'O'Donnell Aboo.'

"In the period of Owen Roe and Cromwell the lecturer had a chance to show the contrast between the hypocritical and bloodthirsty dictator. He gave credit to Cromwell's ability as a warrior and statesman, and said there was no Irish hatred for any defeat in fair battle, but for the wholesale butchery of unarmed men and the massacre of women and children while they pleaded for mercy, and the sale of girls and women into slavery and debauchery. For this he branded Cromwell a bloodthirsty brute and tyrant. He closed this period with a description of the effect on the feelings of the wild and mournful Irish lament, and Mr. Murphy vividly supplanted this when he sang 'The Lament of Owen Roe.'

"The period of Sarsfield and William III gave the lecturer a chance to correct some mistaken beliefs in regard to the circumstances leading up to the battle of the Boyne and to show that the spirit of Irish-American Catholics today is expressed in the words: 'We take our religion from Rome, but not our politics.' He dwelt on English persecution of Ireland being in no way restrained by creed, and his description of the two battles of Limerick, and the bravery and desperation of the women were vivid indeed. Equally so was the painting of the scenes attending the marching out of Sarsfield, the departure of the Irish exiles, the English treachery that followed, and the martial glory attained by the exiles in the wars on the Continent.

"Mr. Finerty's description of the battle of Fontenoy, where the Irish exiles in the French army turned the tide of battle and swooped down on English legions with the cries of 'Remember Limerick,' and 'Down with the Sassanach,' was a magnificent burst of oratory, the effect of which was intensified as Mr. Murphy sang 'Clare's Dragoons.' The house rang with applause.

"The lecturer passed rapidly over the more familiar history from 1798 to the present, holding the audience to 10:30 o'clock. He eulogized the heroes of Concord and Lexington who fought against the same tyranny that had kept Ireland under the rod. He had glowing words for the Irish patriots, Grattan, Emmet, O'Connell and others, and stirring recognition of Parnell and appreciation of whatever called for appreciation in Gladstone, and closed with a confident and emotional picture of the future of Ireland.

"Tremendous applause followed this and the rendering of the 'Boys of Wexford' by Mr. Murphy."

As a citizen of the State of New York, and as a man who travels extensively in all the Eastern States, I can say, with no effort at exaggeration, that Messrs. Finerty and Murphy have established a reputation in the East that will insure them full houses whenever they choose to repeat their visit. They have an extensive repertoire and can give a new lecture at any time. P. F. M.

Binghamton, N.Y., April 26, 1894.

Sam Jack's.

The Henry Burlesque Company, headed by the famous French beauty, Marie Rostelle, at Sam T. Jack's Empire this week. This company has long held the first prize medal as being the very best of all burlesque and vaudeville organizations.

Sam T. Jack's famous Creoles, the most unique and original of burlesque organizations, is the attraction this week at his opera house, and, with a programme of all-round hilarity, never surpassed on any stage, should easily duplicate its success of last week at Mr. Jack's West Side theatre.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

Hurling and Football.

Shamrocks defeated the Emmets at Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue Sunday, in the final game for the deferred championship of last year. There was a hurling match prior to the game, and a large crowd was in attendance. The hurling contest was between the Sarsfields and the O'Mahonys. The O'Mahonys did the rushing at first, but they soon found that their opponents were more than they could handle. The Sarsfields stopped some fine efforts of Barry, O'Donnell and Howe; and Fitzgerald and Morrissey sent the ball close to the O'Mahonys' goal, where it was met by Cahill and Shaughnessy, and two points went to the credit of the Sarsfields. Cahill soon added a goal, and the O'Mahonys succeded in forcing a goal also. Before half time had expired the Sarsfields by some accurate hitting on the part of Cronin, Maloney and O'Mara added one goal and one point to their score.

In the second half there was some lively rushing up and down the field, and both sides played a scientific game. Barry, Connell and Harrington contributed a goal and a point to the O'Mahonys' score; but their opponents, for whom Cahill, Walsh, Hayes and McGrath were doing good work, succeeded in fetching up their score to four goals and five points, while the score of the O'Mahonys reached only two goals and one point. E. O'Reilly acted as referee. The players were:

Sarsfields—E. Cahill, captain; J. Morrissey, T. Cronin, J. Hayes, D. Walsh, M. Maloney, J. Fitzgerald, L. Maloney, P. McGrath, D. Morrissey, J. Cooney, D. O'Mara and James Cahill.

O'Mahonys—R. Barry, captain; T. Howe, J. O'Shea, T. Healy, M. Dunne, William Kennedy M. O'Connell, J. Murphy, P. Driscoll, James O'Donnell, J. Farrell, J. Harrington, M. Casey and J. O'Brien.

The championship football game between the Shamrocks and the Emmets commenced about 5 o'clock. When the teams were lined up it was seen that the Shamrocks were much heavier men. When play had started the Shamrocks rushed the ball at once toward the Emmets' goal, W. Powers, Crade and Gallagher making some good punts and runs. Dillon, Fleming and Carney relieved the pressure on the Emmets. Philip Ryan sent the ball to Hall, who came near scoring for the Emmets. Burke, Barry and Egney brought the play again into Emmets' ground and Ryan scored a point for the Shamrocks. Carney kicked off and Maloney and Sisk made some good runs along the side. Strop and Egney sent the ball back and Powers scored a point and the Emmets were on the defensive again. The Shamrocks forced another point, and a few seconds after Burke, by a neat drop kick, added one point more to the Shamrock's score. After an interval of a few minutes play started in again, and presently it became fast and furious. The Shamrocks had the best of it in long and well directed punts, while the Emmets surpassed in speed. Nugent and Dougherty foiled several attempts on the part of Murphy and Ryan to score. The Emmets kept on with determination until Murphy again sent the ball across to P. Ryan, who scored a point for the Emmets.

Several fouls were committed and the Emmets were awarded many free kicks. Carney kicked well, but failed to score. Toward the close of the game the Emmets placed their adversaries several times on the defensive, adding another point to their score, and it looked at one time as if they were going to make a goal. But the Shamrocks got the ball again into the Emmets' ground and Ryan and Barry added two points more to their score. Sisk, Philip Ryan and Carney made some splendid runs along the side, and the Emmets were again in a good position to score. The well-trained "backs" of the Shamrocks defended their goal well, and the ball was sent again by Powers and Egney toward the Emmets' goal, when the Shamrocks forced one point more, making a total of seven points. The Emmets scored two points. T. Wolfe acted as referee, and W. Burke and T. Quinn as umpires. The players were:

Shamrocks—P. Barry, captain; D. Corbett, T. Burke, M. Strap, N. Crane, W. Barry, W. Powers, M. Powers, M. Gallagher, P. Egney, P. Nugent, P. Conlin, J. Burke, E. Egan, J. Dougherty and J. O'Brien.

Emmets—P. T. Murphy, captain; T. Ryan, W. Hall, T. O'Brien, D. Carmody, Thomas Ryan, J. Maloney, J. Fleming, Philip Ryan, J. Reidy, M. O'Neill, J. J. Sisk, W. Carney, C. Murphy, James Myles, T. Dillon and P. Carney.—*Herald.*

When War is Declared

Against a man's happiness by his stomach, the enemy may be pacified and brought speedily and easily to terms. That potent regulator of digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, disciplines the rebellious organ thoroughly. Indigestion arises from weakness of the stomach, and the food in it, for want of the power to digest, decomposes and acidifies, giving rise to heartburn, flatulence and pain, besides a multitude of symptoms both changeful and perplexing. But peace soon reigns when the great stomachic is resorted to and used with persistence. Dyspepsia gives rise to morbid discomposure of mind, and even sleeplessness and hypochondria in chronic cases. To the complete dismissal of these the Bitters is fully adequate. Liver complaint, constipation, debility, rheumatism and malaria are completely subdued by this genial medicine.

"TRUE AMERICAN PATRIOTISM"

Eloquent Lecture by the Hon. Bourke Cockran, For the Benefit of De LaSalle Institute.

Upon American Patriotism Depend the Future Destinies of the World—Equality the Crowning Glory of Man's Progress.

Last Monday evening the Hon. Bourke Cockran, the distinguished New York orator, delivered his lecture on "True American Patriotism," for the benefit of the De La Salle Institute, to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Auditorium. The exercises opened with music by the Imperial Quartette and a solo by William Ludwig, the baritone. The Hon. T. B. Bryan, the chairman, then made a few remarks by way of introduction of Mr. Cockran. After acknowledging his warm welcome, Mr. Cockran spoke in substance as follows:

"The warmth of this welcome and the compliments that have been showered upon me by the chairman, make me deeply sensible to my utter inability to make any adequate return for the compliments that have been bestowed upon me. I do not believe the man lives and breathes that could do justice to the subject tonight, and yet, notwithstanding the difficulties which surround us, this welcome, so generous, from representatives of all parties and of all creeds, encourages me even while it impresses me. American patriotism is a subject which impresses the whole globe to the duty of man. The American patriot is the soldier of civilization. Upon American patriotism depend the future destinies of the world. For 2,000 years men have struggled blindly, confusedly sometimes, but steadily, on the way toward that national freedom which makes liberty the bulwark of prosperity and the fountain of happiness until, 100 years ago, upon this continent was founded a government based upon the rights—the inalienable rights—of mankind.

"One hundred years ago the Republic was first born, but the roots from which it sprung grew and flourished for centuries. This government does not depend upon phrases committed to paper, but upon principles implanted in the hearts of men by the Almighty from the beginning of the world. (Applause.) The beginning of republicanism is not of American origin nor of any one country or nation of the world. The beginning of republicanism was not upon this soil, but upon the soil trodden by the Lord. It was not first announced by the booming of the cannon and the pealing of the liberty bell, but when the star of Bethlehem shone over the place where the new-born babe was in the manger and the songs of the angels told of 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.' Nor did it find its birth near the shores of the Atlantic; it was first made by the shore of Galilee when the Savior of mankind said to man that 'all men were born equal under the sight of his Father.' (Applause.)

"This right is the crowning glory of man's progress. It is the natural attitude of Christian civilization. A government based upon the equality of all men before the law is based upon the principle of equality of all men in the sight of God. Democracy is Christianity applied to civilization. From the very moment the Savior of mankind told his disciples to go forth and preach his word it became unavoidable that the triumph of Christianity would mean the destruction of every form of government based upon the inequality of man. The first champions of freedom were the apostles who preached the word of Christ. It was a most interesting feature in the study of history to watch the steady growth of civilization through all the changes of the fourteen centuries, the steady growth of the principles of freedom, of liberty and constitutional freedom, which was advanced by forces which seemed to be trampling it under foot. The advent of feudalism in Europe seemed as if a dark night had set over the face of the world. Man had conquered territory by the sword and was forced to defend it by the torch. In the face of that condition of civilization Christianity proceeded to teach the doctrine that the weak and strong were equal in the sight of heaven. From the Christian pulpits the seeds of liberty fell every day and softened the morals and customs of barbarians and raised woman from the degradation in which she had hitherto been condemned. Steadily woman drifted higher and higher in public estimation. The old institutions were the original foundation stones on which the government of the modern State was founded and by which the advent of the modern freedom was passed throughout the world."

Mr. Cockran then proceeded to trace the growth of freedom from the early ages to the time when Columbus discovered America.

"Columbus," he said, "was the natural outcome of conditions which had been in the course of preparation for years. The Old World, with its prejudices and barbarism, was unfit for the planting of the germ of freedom, and so Providence guided the bark of Columbus to the shores of America. Here the tree of liberty was planted under circumstances which encouraged its growth and insured its life. Nowhere is the providence of God more visible. Here was the virgin soil to be conquered. Here were forests to be fallen; a strong arm was of more use in cutting down a tree than the lineage of 1,000 years. The value of the settler was not the blood which flowed in his veins, but the power of his muscles and the strength of his will. Then the dignity of labor was raised to a pitch unknown to this world. They did not come here to enrich themselves with gold. They did not come here to plunder the soil and return to Spain to spend the proceeds in riot. They were men in whose hearts liberty never died. They sought this continent that they might create liberty, and they did it. Their labor was fruitful."

Mr. Cockran then followed the growth of liberty to the time of the drawing of the Constitution. He extolled the framers of the Constitution and contradicted the statement that they simply copied that of the English government. He said that at that time there was no constitution in the Old World which would be copied by liberty loving people. The Constitution of England of today and of that time in England was forbidden and punished. The other countries of Europe were far worse off than England, and there was no constitution based on freedom for the framers to copy from. Coming down to any possible dangers of American freedom of today, he said: "I can see only three disturbing elements today which might be sources of disturbance. First of these, is sectional jealousy; second, jealousy of classes; and third, the distrust of creed. In this country sectionalism should die away. I have heard men declare that the interests of the East and West were opposed. If legislation cannot be universal in good results we must be forced to the conclusion that this country is too large and its interests too varied to be committed to the fostering care and custody of a single government. Is the present generation prepared to declare that the compact of reunion, sealed with the blood of its heroes, against the best interests of any part of this country? No! No fallacy can be greater than that one section of the country prospers at the expense of another. Legislation that oppresses any one place is oppressive everywhere. Prosperous crops on farms means generous employment and high wages in the works of the cities."

He continued that he was a citizen of the greatest city of the Western continent and he gloried in it, but he would not feel proud of that citizenship if it did not make him a citizen of Chicago and of every city in the Union. If Chicago should become a greater city than New York he should be proud that in the United States alone could a young city outstrip the giant of the Western world.

"It has been said," he said, "that certain legislation was in the interest of the wealth and other legislation in the interest of labor. The bondholder had one line of policy and the taxpayer had another. It has been said that it is necessary to circumscribe the power of the wealthy and also the activity of labor unions. I do not believe the time will ever come in this country when property can be secured by any other forces than that of honest labor and I have the most undying faith in the security of property."

Continuing he said he had little fear of the third source of danger, that of distrust of creed and religions. This government and continent were not established by Providence to carry out a scheme of liberty for the human race which was invalid in the light of Christianity itself. This Republic being the outgrowth of Christian civilization, which has for its essential feature the belief in God, could not become the theatre of religious dissension of grave import. That would be the end of republicanism and equality, and would be the failure of this experiment. It would be the end of Christian civilization, which for 2,000 years has steadily grown and risen throughout the world. There was not in this country a single sect of any character that did not mingle with its devotions prayers for the stability of this government.

In closing he said that this country would stand to the end of time, the most perfect form of government in which God reveals himself to the reverence and gratitude, to emancipated and regenerated mankind.

IRISH NEWS.

A terrible accident, resulting fatally, occurred on Thursday week to a Dublin lady named Miss Matilda Finlay, who was stopping with some friends named McAdoo, at their residence, Crawford square, Derry. Miss Finlay had just prepared for returning to Dublin, and was awaiting a cab to take her to the station. Getting anxious as to time she looked out of the window, and by some mishap fell out into the street. She received a bad fracture of the skull and was otherwise injured. She survived only a short time.

The lord bishop of Killaloe has appointed the Rev. John Crawford, D. D., and the Rev. Robert McLarney, A.B., to united canonries in the diocese of Clonfer and Kilmacduagh.

Patrick Cannon, son of the late Thos. Cannon and nephew of the late Father Cannon and the late Father Griffin, died at the residence of his mother, Woodlawn, county Galway, a few weeks ago, after a long and painful illness. The funeral was largely attended. The interment took place at Kslaun, the family burying ground.

Tuesday night, April 10, a draper in Ennis named Monaghan left his business establishment saying he was going to meet his daughter, who was returning from a visit to Limerick, but he did not come back. Two days afterwards his umbrella and blood-stained hat were found on Doora bridge a mile from the town. The river Fergus was then dragged, and his body found, with two punctured wounds and a gash under the right ear, three wounds on the left breast, piercing the waistcoat and two shirts underneath it, and the windpipe severed by a cut from left to right. According to the medical evidence the wounds were self-inflicted and drowning was the immediate cause of death. The jury returned an open verdict.

Mr. John Finucane, M.P., is suffering from an acute attack of pheumonia, and his condition is considered as critical.

The death is announced of Martin J. Glynn, solicitor, at his residence in Tuam. Mr. Glynn had scarcely reached middle age, and had gained for himself a name in his profession by his abilities as an advocate and his strict attention to business. Mr. Glynn has always been a consistent Nationalist, and since the split has been an uncompromising Parnellite. Great regret is felt by all classes at his sudden and unexpected demise.

Miss M. Malone, Durbrin, Athy, was received into the Convent of Mercy, in Athy, on the 5th inst. The reception was private, and took place in the convent chapel, where only a few friends were admitted.

Intelligence was received in Dublin on the 21st inst. of the death of the Rev. T. Butler, at Cardiff, Wales. Father Butler, who was aged 38 years, was the youngest son of the late Mr. Michael Butler, Derryvinave, Adare, county Limerick.

Walter Sheridan, a compositor, was placed upon his trial at Dublin on Tuesday, April 17, charged with having had explosives in his possession in Henry street, Nov. 27, 1893. The crown called the same evidence as that given at the former trial when the jury disagreed. The jury now again disagreed, and the prisoner was put back.

Miss Annie Power, eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Power, Ballingarry, was received into the Presentation Convent, Fethard, by the Venerable Archdeacon Ryan, P.P., assisted by the Rev. M. Ryan, C.C. There were also present Very Rev. Canon Cantwell, P.P., Ballingary; Rev. F. O'Keeffe, P.P., Clerehan; Rev. D. Kiely, C.C., Fethard; Rev. F. O'Leary, O.S.A., Fethard. Among the lay friends in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. Power, and Miss Power, Ballingarry; Miss Cantwell, Mrs. Hayes and Miss Brennan, Thurles; and Dr. O'Connell, Fethard.

Alderman Casey Connolly, Nationalist member of the Drogheda corporation, died on the 10th inst., after a lengthened illness. He was mayor for three successive years, and he was also managing director of Casey's Drogheda Brewery Company.

The Tuam board of guardians recently passed the following resolution: "That no officer in future be appointed by this board without being able to speak the Irish language." In the course of an interesting discussion the chairman stated that about one-tenth of those who came before the board had to be examined in Irish. It is therefore of the utmost importance that the doctor and other officers of the board should possess a knowledge of Irish.

A Killarney dispatch to the *Independent* says: "Typhus fever is spreading with alarming rapidity in Kerry. There are twenty-seven cases at present in the Killarney Fever Hospital, and on Saturday last the death of a farmer named Mahony, residing at "The Bower," Rathmore, took place in the hospital. A week ago he and his six children were stricken down. His wife died with the same disease about twelve months ago. When the widower and his children were taken to the hospital, his cattle roamed indiscriminately about the country, until they were taken in charge by a few kind neighbors, who are now caring for them for his orphan children, all of whom are lying in a precarious condition. The sanitary arrangements in the district of Killarney, both in town and country, are in a disgraceful state."

At the first meeting of the new board of guardians held at Kilrush Michael Mescall, Parnellite, was unanimously re-elected chairman for the ensuing year, on the proposition of Patrick Reid, Parnellite, Kilkee.

On Thursday, March 29, a girl named Connor met with an accident in the townland of Ballyworkan, about a mile from Portadown, whereby she lost her life. Miss Connor went to Portadown on business, and left for home shortly before 8 o'clock in the evening. She was a passenger on a car driven by a man named James Bennett, who plies for hire between Laurel Vale and Portadown on market days. The car collided with a car owned by a man named Donnelly, with the result that the vehicle was upset, Miss Connor sustaining injuries from the effects of which she died a few hours afterwards.

The Earlier symptoms of dyspepsia, such as distress after eating, heartburn, and occasional headaches, should not be neglected. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you wish to be cured.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Map of the United States.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

"O'DONNELL ABOO."

Story of How Red Hugh O'Donnell Defeated General Sir Conyers Clifford's Army in the Curlew Mountains.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, IN "THE BOG OF STARS."

CHAPTER XII.

M'DERMOT BREAKS THE BATTLE ON THE QUEEN'S HOST.

Once again Red Hugh's men stood steady and unwavering under the Royalist fire, returning the same and with interest. The Royalists had had a long and wet march, and were not in such good condition as Red Hugh's fresh and well breakfasted troops. Now in their turn they too began to slack fire, to waver in their ranks, and finally to retreat upon the pike men, probably throwing them too into disorder. The Tir-Connallians pressing forward began to rain their bullets into the dense ranks of the Queen's gallowglasses of the first division, who had neither cavalry or musketeers to sweep back their assailants. So the latter at their ease poured volley after volley upon the unresisting mass.

Ratcliffe seeing that his gunmen were now beaten past the rally sought to organize a charge of his gallowglasses, crying loudly that he would head the charge himself, calling all true men to follow, and even summoning individuals by name out of the wavering and confused ranks. Meantime the "plumbei pilluli"(1) of Red Hugh's "fulminators" were pouring into the struggling crowd out of which Ratcliffe sought to disengage the braver elements and fashion a forlorn. Having in some sort compassed his purpose, though already suffering from a shot in the face, he was leading them on "with unconquerable resolution" when his leg was broken by a gunshot which brought him to a sudden halt. So while the blood of his first wound ran down his face, stood Ratcliffe supported in the arms of two of his officers,(2) and in this situation roared to Henry Cosby,(3) who seems to have been next in command, directing him to lead the charge, but perceiving him slack and as he was being withdrawn out of fire he called anew to his lieutenant. "I see, Cosby, that I must leave thee to thy baseness, but will tell thee ere I go that it were better for thee to die by the hands of thy countrymen than at my return to perish by my sword."(4) But Cosby went not on. He was son of Francis Cosby of Stradbally Hall in O'Moore's country, Cosby of the decorated tree, and brother of Alexander who (as it was surmised) so cleverly dodged the wild cutting and slashing of Rory Ogue by using his comrade as a shield. Cosby came not on but the Tir-Connallians did. They drew close, archers, cross-bowmen, spear-casters and gunmen, ranked before this jammed mob of soldiers, and slaughtered at their leisure, while flaming Ratcliffe was being carried to the rear, and cowardly Cosby "showed slackness" in leading the forlorn which his brave commander had disengaged and fashioned out of the clubbed vanguard.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BRENNY MEN LET LOOSE.

This was the moment for a cavalry charge which under such conditions would have cut the vanguard to ribbons. But cavalry there were none on either side. Neither Clifford nor Red Hugh would trust their precious cavalry in those bogs and obstructions. But in the rear of MacDermot's men there was something as good, better in such ground as this. Here in shining ranks stood O'Rourke's Brenny men standing at their ease watching the fray, waiting for one word from their chief. At last the word came, literally a word. Brian Ogue in tones not familiar to the class-rooms of Oxford, where not long since Brian Ogue of the Battle-Axes O'Rourke did nonsense verses or boggled over the mysteries of Barbara, Felapton, Darii Ferioque priores and the irregular verbs of Lily's Latin grammar,(5) shouted Farragh. "Farragh," he cried now, not Ferio, and like hounds slipped from the leash, O'Rourke's Brenny men went upon the Queen's vanguard. Only 160, but mailed gallowglasses, picked men and strong, the flower of Breffney, all in rank perfectly fresh, eager as hounds certain of victory. MacDermot's gunmen and archers gave way to the right hand and the left, opening out like folding doors as the Brennymen with a shout which at such an instant changed fortitude to alarm and alarm to panic terror, went upon the foe.

The battle harvest was ripe and these were the reapers; ripened, if I may say so, by that rain of darts and spears and heat of "red-flaming flashes" and fiery balls of lead. Guess how coward Cosby, who showed slackness in charging the gunmen, met this forward-sweeping wave of steel, with a crest of glittering axes. Cosby and his scorn quickly fell back as if there were any hope in demoralized numbers, terrified yet more by the retreat of the only corps which still showed some rudiments of formation. The vanguard was hopelessly clubbed, gunmen and halberdiers inextricably entangled. Nor at this juncture had they a leader to disentwine the tangle and pull the lines straight and distinct. The vanguard was captainless, reduced to that disastrous state by Ratcliffe's broken leg and Cosby's lily heart. Brave men, surely abundant enough even now in this wild moment, had no chance, mobbed, overborne by the cowards unable to find each other out in the press and stand together disengaged from the ruck. What chance ever have the brave left captainless—what fate but to be trampled down by the fools and cowards? Had that random bullet but spared their captain's shank-bone things might have been so different. Were he at this moment to return as he had promised, and, as he had promised, run his blade through Cosby for a swift and salutary beginning, he, standing clear of the chaos, would have gathered all these to himself, crying to them in general and calling men by their names. But the Mac-an-Iarla was well on his way to the rear now. Brave Ratcliffe was gone and Cosby's lily heart struck work while his shaking knees were already turning to flight and the vanguard was hopelessly clubbed and the yelled "Farragh" of the Brennymen clove all ears and hearts.

To left and right MacDermot and his gunmen opened out like double doors unfolding as Brian Ogue went into the Queen's vanguard. To left and right they opened and now poured in their fire transversely on either flank of the struggling mass, while in front Brian Ogue and his reapers fell to the despatch of their red work. A moment the raised axes, razor-sharp and bright, glistened in the sun, then fell ringing with dry clangor or more horribly silent, rising not so bright, rising and falling like lightning, such a war harvest to be reaped, such battle-fury in men's hearts, and such an opportunity!

And on the flanks MacDermot volleyed transversely, and soon his spear-hurlers clutched sword and fell on, and the gunmen slung the slow calyver, gripped swordhilt and did likewise.

Not long the struggle under such conditions. Back rolled the vanguard, back on the battle where Clifford was ranking his men and making his dispositions, seeing how matters went in front. Back rolled the vanguard, effusing afar their own panic, back in the first instance on the forward convoy. Here the peasants cut their wagon traces, mounted and ran, and the trains of mules and pack horses stampeded, and amid this confusion the flying vanguard tumbled into through and over the battle, while brave Clifford did all that man could do to stem the raging flood, and MacDermot's prophetic soul was justified by the event. He had doubled back the vanguard and the first convoy upon the battle. And the battle too was broken and rolled back on the second convoy and the rear guard.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLIFFORD'S HEROIC DEATH.

At this moment a cry arose: "The President is dead!" The President has gone down in the midst of the raging flood but he was not killed. His horse was shot, and he had fallen. He was soon on his feet again roaring commands and encouragements to his own men so far as they were still rational beings, endeavoring in vain to restore the fight, commanding, entreating, doing all that a brave man could do. "There had not come of the English into Ireland in the latter days a better man."

Seeing the day utterly lost, two of his Irish officers, the lieutenant of Captain Burke, name not given, and Sir Miler McSweeny urged him to leave the field. "Overcome with wrath and shame, he declared, Roman-like, that he would not over live that day's ignominy. But that affection which moved Sir Miler McSweeny to use entreatys persuaded him now to practiz force, by which they caryed him from the pursewing rebells some few paces, when enraged with the vildness of his men, which he often repeated, he brake from them in a fury, and turning head alone, made head to the whole troopes of pursewers, in the midst of whom when he was stroake through the bodye with a bullet(6) he died fighting, consecrating by an admyrable resolucion the memory of his name to inmortality and leaving the example of his vertue to be intytuled by all honourable posterities."(7)

Yet, even after Clifford's death his division, or parts of it, rallied and fought on. Savage and the rear-guard managed to keep their ranks while the roaring deluge of flight and panic terror raged past them. There was tough fighting, or at all events resistance of some sort, after the fall of Clifford, and before the best materials of the Queen's host gave way utterly, and the rout became universal. Savage, I feel sure, played a brave part; I should be much surprised if he did not, for gallantry was in his blood. Four centuries had elapsed since the founder of the clan Savage marched to Dublin with the great John de Courcy and a handful of Norman knights and archers to the conquest of Ulster. And de Courcy and Savage in the north of Dal-Aradia(8) as one of his barons, and there for four centuries, while houses rose and fell, many a wild storm of war, Edward Bruce's invasion among them, broke upon broke not his hardy Norman-Irish clan. They were Queen's men now, and Sir Arthur was their most distinguished representative. He served the crown in honorable posts after this rout in the Curlews, and behaved with gallantry and distinction in the Battle of Kinsale in 1602.(9) Savage, surely, like Clifford and Ratcliffe, did his best to save the battle, but at last all broke and fled, Brian Ogue's battle-axes going like smith's hammers or the flails of threshing-men on their rear and MacDermot volleying from right to left, and all solid companies getting broken up and swept away by the torrents of panic stricken humanity. So at last the whole of the Queen's host was reduced to chaos, streaming madly away, and the battle of the Curlew Mountains was fought and lost and won. On rushed the fugitives, disappearing not too rapidly within the half mile of Autumnal forest. The road was choked with baggage-waggons, provisions, camp-furniture, impediments of various kinds, and the running masses of men collided and jostled against each other and the trees, as the Royalists re-travelled these primeval solitudes, while battle-axe and sword and calyver and pistol played ever on their rear.

---

1. Philip O'Sullivan, author of these expressions, usually mentions bullets as *glandes*. He writes of iron bullets sometimes. Musketeers he latinizes as *bombardarii*, muskets as *bombardæ*. Pistols are *bombardulæ*. *Fulminatores*, he uses, I think, for shooters of all kinds.

2. One of them, Godred Tyrwhit, brother of Robert Tyrwhit of Ketleby in Lincolnshire.

3. He had command of a third part of the vanguard.

4. Here we learn a remarkable fact, viz., that the Cosbies were Irish: let those who set down Mullaghmast to the debtor side of England's account remember this.

5. "It was ordered that no Latin grammar but Lily's should be taught in this kingdom," in order to assimilate the instruction of youth in the two countries, A.D. 1587.—*Sir James Ware's Annals.*

6. Dymok says by a pike. He was slain by a bullet; the pikethrust was given afterwards as the victors ran past. The account given by the Four Masters is doubtless correct. Sir Miler lived afterwards in Tir-Connall, where he must have related to many the exact manner of Clifford's death. In Tir-Connall the Annals were written, and quite possibly the Four Masters knew Sir Miler and talked with him.

7. Philip O'Sullivan says that he offered these gentlemen great rewards if they would see him safe out of the battle, and that he fled a considerable distance. This is absurd. Dymok's account is more in keeping with all that we know about this brave and chivalrous gentleman.

8. County Down.

9. *Pacata Hibernia*, last chapters, where his name is several times mentioned with honor.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The Vale of Minnekahta

Is the title of a beautifully illustrated booklet recently issued, descriptive of the Hot Springs, South Dakota, and the efficacy of their waters for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred diseases. Copy of this pamphlet will be mailed free by W. A. THRALL, General Passenger Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago., Ill., upon receipt of request, enclosing two-cent stamp.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

WHERE HE FOUND HIS NAME.

Gentlemanly Dick, the Bus Driver Who Defended the Fair Sex.

"Gentlemanly Dick he was called," and the speaker took his pipe out of his mouth and glanced around the waiting room where he and two comrades were sitting watching for the night express with the hope of getting a few passengers for the hotels. They were all bus drivers, young and hearty looking fellows.

"Yes," mused one of the men, "I know who he is. I seen him one day not long since. He had just rescued a poor, 'croppy' lookin dog from the boys and said he was goin to take it home to his gals. What was the reason of his bein called 'Gentlemanly Dick.'"

"Didn't you never know?" asked the first speaker.

"Nope. Let's hear about it. I've had some curiosity to know," and the other two men lit their pipes afresh and settled themselves comfortably in expectation of the forthcoming interesting narrative.

"Well, you see, he uster drive for the Brown House. Drove their best bus for eight years, and he allus tipped his hat to the passengers. Some of them he seen so often he got to know 'em, and they'd say some pleasant thing now and then to make a feller feel good. One night him and me wos settin round this here stove, and there wos four fellers come in. They sat down in that there corner," and the speaker jerked his thumb toward the spot indicated, "and begun to talk. I wos settin here smokin and Dick wos smokin too. He wasn't sayin much, but seemed to be doin some deep thinkin. Every little while he would run his fingers through his thin gray hair.

"All of a sudden one of them fellers let out a string of oaths as long as my arm." And the speaker held out a good brawny specimen for illustration.

"Dick didn't say nothin, but he looked up sudden and scowled; then he puffed away on his pipe again. Finally one of them made a remark. Well, it was pretty sweepin. 'Twas about women in general, and there wasn't no gettin round it. It made me hot. Well, sir, Dick got right up and walked over to them.

" 'Boys,' he sez, 'I've lived nearly 60 years, and in the same space of time I've never heard so much profanity, vile talk and slander as I've heard from you fellows tonight in 20 minutes.' Then he went on: 'I had a mother and a wife, God bless 'em, and I've got one sister still livin, though I hain't seen her for years, and it makes me shiver in my boots to hear the way you speak. You are all good lookin chaps and seem well dressed and respectable. For the sake of your mothers, sweethearts or wives quit talking such wickedness. I don't mean to be harsh. I only speak with the privilege which comes of old age.'

"Them fellers, sir, if you'll believe me, set still and never spoke all the while that Dick was a-talkin. Finally one feller, who knew Dick, the biggest one in the crowd, said in a hearty way: 'Thanks, old fellow. I say, boys, three cheers for Gentlemanly Dick.' And they were given with a hearty will. Then one after another got up and sneaked out in the night. Hello, here comes the express! Hope she's loaded for this here town." And the men all left. The little waiting room which had served as a lecture room was vacant.—Chicago Tribune.

Why Chinamen Change Signs.

A Washington street Chinaman changed his sign the other day, name and all. One of his customers, after the sign had been changed, stopped in to see if a new Chinaman had taken possession of the place. He found the same laundryman as had been there for a good many months.

"What did you change the name on your sign for?" was asked of him.

"Oh, that nothin. Only sign name. That's all."

"Why don't you put your own name on the sign?"

"Oh, see if I sellee place, can't sellee sign. See? Any name good sign. That's all."

He then explained that it was a common practice among Chinamen to change their signs frequently, and that by so doing they believed that it encouraged trade and thus reimbursed them for the expenditure in red paint and unpronounceable characters.—Buffalo Express.

Forty Winks For Insomnia.

"I have a new remedy for insomnia," said the nervous member as he entered the club rooms.

"If it is good, tell us about it."

"It is very simple. Just go to bed and take the most comfortable position for sleeping. Then slowly open and close your eyes. If, after 40 winks, you are not asleep, then try 40 more. The great difficulty with victims of insomnia is that they almost always fall to thinking of the events of the day. This may be prevented by persistent counting, but that is itself a mental effort and wakes one up. Not so, however, with winking. I defy any of you to think of anything else while you are engaged in this simple exercise."—Utica Observer.

A Homemade Sign.

On Lexington avenue near Eighty-third street there stands in front of a shoemaker's shop a home painted sign that is pitifully comic. It would be a painfully deformed man indeed who could wear a boot shaped like the one thereon displayed, beneath which is the announcement that "Laddies shoes" will be "half soeld" and heeled for one price; "Childrings and mans" for another. Apropos of this subject, I saw a shoemaker's sign the other day bearing the euphonious and appropriate name of Shintog.—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

What She Keeps.

Miss Tweed—That Mrs. Chirp is horrid! I don't believe she can keep anything.

"Oh, yes. She keeps telling everything she hears."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

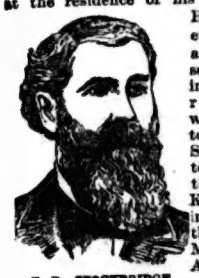
DIED IN HIS CHAIR.

Senator Stockbridge Suddenly Summoned.

DEATH DOES HIS WORK QUICKLY.

Barely Time for His Loved Ones to Assemble Before the End Comes—Story of His Illness and Sketch of His Life—Frank Hatton Passes Away at Washington—His Career as Journalist, Soldier and Government Officer.

CHICAGO, May 1. — Senator Francis B. Stockbridge, of Michigan, died suddenly at the residence of his nephew, J. L. Houghteling, last evening. The senator expired while seated in a chair in his sleeping room. Three weeks ago Senator and Mrs. Stockbridge came to Chicago from their home in Kalamazoo, Mich., intending to visit the California Mid-winter fair. After spending a couple of days at the home of their nephew, the senator while preparing for his California trip was suddenly attacked with stomach trouble and later suffered acute pains near the heart.



F. B. STOCKBRIDGE.

A Sudden and Fatal Change.

A few days afterwards the senator decided to abandon his trip to California and return to his Michigan home, as his condition would not permit him to travel. The return home, however, was postponed as the senator improved very slowly. At 7 o'clock last evening a change for the worse took place and the members of the family were hastily summoned. Within a few minutes after Mrs. Stockbridge, and Mr. and Mrs. Houghteling reached him the senator breathed his last. While he had been very ill it was at no time thought that his condition was dangerous, and his death was entirely unlooked for. A combination of heart and stomach troubles is announced as the cause of death.

Sketch of the Senator's Career.

Francis B. Stockbridge was a native of Bath, Me., and at the time of his death was 68 years of age. He was a hard worker in youth and an active business man in manhood. He grew wealthy dealing in Michigan lumber, locating in that state in 1851, but previously, in 1847, he had opened a lumber yard at this city. He was elected to the Michigan legislature in 1869, to the state senate in 1871, and early in 1887 was chosen to represent Michigan in the United States senate. He was re-elected in 1893. His name was prominently mentioned in 1888 as a very probable officer in General Harrison's cabinet.

FRANK HATTON IS DEAD.

The Well-Known Editor and Politician Succumbs to Paralysis.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—Frank Hatton is dead. The end came yesterday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, after a relapse which began yesterday morning and the end of which was inevitable. Last Tuesday afternoon Mr. Hatton, who apparently had been in good health, was suddenly stricken by paralysis while working alone at his desk. With great difficulty, for his speech was impaired by the attack, he succeeded in summoning assistance and was at once removed to his home. The gravity of his case was fully realized by his friends, but some intervals of consciousness and signs of rallying, even as late as Sunday, gave hope that he might still recover.

But his physicians held out little encouragement and looked for the worst. The last fatal change was manifest yesterday morning when the dread symptoms of Bright's disease appeared. The virus spread rapidly and soon reached the heart. There was no pain, because the faculties were deadened by the distroying agent, and at 4:30 o'clock, unconscious of the presence of his wife and son, and in spite of all that medical aid could accomplish, Mr. Hatton expired.

The details of the funeral arrangements have not yet been fully completed, but it is decided that the interment will be in Rock Creek cemetery on Thursday. At the deathbed were Mrs. Hatton, Mr. Richard Hatton (the only child), Mr. and Mrs. Beriah Wilkins, Mr. John D. O'Connor, Mr. Hattons' confidential secretary; Dr. Sewers, the attending physician, and the trained nurse.

Frank Hatton was born in Crambridge, O., April 26, 1846. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion he enlisted in the Ninety-eighth Ohio infantry and in 1864 was commissioned first lieutenant. When the war come to a close Mr. Hatton in the town of Mount Pleasant, Ia., edited The Journal from 1869 to 1874, and then removed to Burlington, Ia., where he purchased a controlling interest in The Hawkeye, his partner being Robert J. Burdette, the humorist.

Mr. Hatton's first federal office was that of postmaster at Burlington, for some years prior to 1881, when President Arthur appointed him assistant postmaster general. In that capacity he served from October, 1881, until October, 1884, when the retirement of Judge Gresham from the office of postmaster general brought Mr. Hatton's promotion to a seat in the cabinet. He continued to be postmaster general until the close of General Arthur's administration.

He was properly proud of the fact that with the exception of Alex. Hamilton he was the youngest cabinet officer in the history of the United States government. In the summer of 1885 he removed to Chicago to become editor-in-chief of the Chicago Mail. In 1888 Mr. Hatton returned to this city, and in partnership with Beriah Wilkins purchased the Washington Post, of which he has been editor-in-chief ever since.

The News at His Old Home.

BURLINGTON, Ia., May 1.—News of Frank Hatton's death caused a shock to this city. Kindly expressions of sympathy are general among his many old friends, won during his residence here as manager of the Burlington Hawkeye. His mother, two sisters, a number of his wife's relatives and other relatives live at Mt. Pleasant, Ia., and the sorrow there is general.

Has a Murderous Temper Anyhow.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., May 1.—While O. K. Simonds was testifying in the case of Joe White, on trial for the murder of James R. Harris, the prisoner threw a heavy ink-well at him. The missile narrowly missed Simonds and crashed through the court-room window.

LABORED UNTIL DAYLIGHT.

The Indiana Republican Convention Completes Its State Ticket.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 26.—The Republican state convention continued its labors till nearly daylight. Fatigue had overtaken most of the delegates and spectators. The last nomination made was for the supreme court, Fourth district. T. J. Monks of Randolph county was nominated on the second ballot, his opponents being M. E. Forkner of Henry county and D. W. Comstock of Wayne county.

The contest for the supreme judgeship of the First district was between S. D. Coffee of Brazil and J. H. Jordan of Martinsville. Jordan had just four votes the better of it and was declared the nominee. The full ticket nominated is as follows: Secretary of state, William D. Owen; auditor, Americus D. Daily; treasurer, Fred J. Scholz; attorney general, William A. Ketcham; superintendent of public instruction, D. M. Geeting; judges of the supreme court First district, J. H. Jordan; Fourth district, T. J. Monks; clerk of the supreme court, Alex Hess; state statistician, S. J. Thompson; state geologist, W. S. Blatchley.

The platform takes the party grounds in regard to protection, demands the fair enforcement of the pension laws, declaring that a pension certificate was a vested right. The resolutions commit the party to the establishment of a state soldier's home; declare for non-partisan management of the charitable and penal institutions of the state; denounce the gerrymander; condemn the extravagance of the state government and abuses of the Attorney General Smith order. One resolution embraces the features of the Lodge proposition to double the duties on the imports of nations who refuse to join in an international agreement to put silver on the same basis as gold by establishing an international ratio for the free coinage of both metals. The platform is short and is confied to practical questions affecting the industrial conditions of the country and better management of affairs in Indiana, omitting all side issues.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Strike on the Great Northern from St. Paul to the Coast.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 27.—The strike is on at last in the Twin Cities. The American Railway union called out all its men in the employ of the Great Northern road in the two cities. Telegrams were sent to all unions on the line to stand to their guns.

All efforts to settle the Great Northern strike have failed and President Debs of the American Railway union issued orders for a strike on all the Minnesota divisions of the Great Northern. This completes the strike from St. Paul to the coast. President Hill of the Great Northern again proposed his plan of arbitration at the last conference of the men's committee and the road, but it was refused.

THREE EXECUTIONS.

One of the Culprits Breaks Down and Has To Be Carried to the Gallows.

FAYETTEVILLE, Ark., April 28.—Samuel Vaughn was hanged here for the murder of John Gage, in September, 1893. His wife and children spent the night with him. When they left him he broke completely down and had to be carried to the gallows and held up while the black cap and noose were adjusted. Both his neck and windpipe were severed and he died without a struggle.

MANASSAS, April 27.—Jim Robinson and Benjamin White were hanged in the jail-yard here for criminal assaults committed on two white women in Prince William county last January. There had been some talk of trouble with the negroes on the day of the hanging, but there was no excitement whatever.

Situation in the Coke Region.

CONNELLSVILLE, Pa., April 26.—More than two-thirds of the plants in the coke region are closed down and the strike is a success. The mob which surged to and fro through the Mount Pleasant branch accomplished its object in forcing the men out. There was no violence, but the men were so badly frightened that many dropped their tools and fled. Women and children were terrorized and scores of them spent the night on the hills above the works. Several of the operators are preparing to resume with non-union men and have asked the sheriff for protection.

Hungry Men Grow Desperate.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Mich., April 27.—Four hundred men, mostly Italians, paraded the streets behind red flags, demanding bread. They marched to the high school grounds, where a relief committee had men working and stopped them. They held a meeting and voted unanimously in favor of a resolution ordering Poor Commissioner McClintock to leave city in two hours. The governor has been telegraphed. Fully three thousand men in the city are idle and 500 families are starving and desperate.

After the Gas Trust.

CHICAGO, April 25.—Attorney General Maloney announced that he would begin quo warranto proceedings against the gas trust to annul its charter. This is the result of arguments recently made before the attorney general in order to convince him that the operations of the various companies composing the gas trust were in violation of law, and that the consolidation of the companies was practically against public policy and the interest of the people.

Aged Lady Suffocated.

WHEELING, W. Va., April 25.—George Hibbard's residence on Fourteenth street was destroyed by fire. Miss Jane Redman, aged 50 years, sister-in-law of Hibbard, was suffocated. She could not be induced to leave in her night clothes, and her delay in returning to robe herself proved fatal. A son of Hibbard's was seriously burned. The rest of the family only escaped death by fleeing in their night clothes.

Won by Harvard.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 30.—Harvard won the intercollegiate debate in the Hyperion theatre, overcoming Yale's debaters by a small majority, according to the declarations of the judges. Chauncey M. Depew presided.

New York Legislature Adjourns.

ALBANY, April 27.—Both houses of the state legislature have adjourned sine die. Bills were passed annexing to the city of Brooklyn the towns of Flatbush, Gravesend and New Utrecht.

Explosion in a Tile Mill.

HUNTINGTON, Ind., April 25.—A tile mill exploded at Markle, killing several employes and injuring others.

NO TROUBLE AT TOLUCA.

Striking Miners Take Wise Counsel and Leave the Place.

TOLUCA, Ills., April 27.—The miners who halted at Big Sandy for a rest broke camp at 4 o'clock in the morning, arriving at Toluca at 6 with the blare of brass bands and drum corps. There were nearly 4,500 of them. As they filed in town they were met by the citizens and, although they were footsore and weary, they had not lost any enthusiasm. Most of the colored miners that work here left for other places to avoid a skirmish, and they likely will not return until the army leaves town. As soon as the men arrived they assembled on the commons near Superintendent Duggan's house, but adjourned again until 11 o'clock to await the arrival of the army from Streator and Kangley. This wing arrived at 10 o'clock, having marched all the way from Streator.

A few minutes previous to their arrival Lieutenant Governor Gill, President J. A. Crawford and Vice President James W. Murphy arrived in a special train from Joliet. A conference then took place between the men and Charles J. Devlin in the latter's private car. The miners' officials wanted Mr. Devlin to address the miners, but he declined, saying he had not invited them here and consequently had no desire to address them. The meeting was called to order by Chairman O'Connor of Spring Valley, and was addressed by Messrs. Gill, Crawford and Murray, who counselled peace and urged the army to leave and told all the Toluca miners to decide for themselves. Finally this was agreed upon, and Mr. Devlin began arranging for a special train to take the army home. It is the general impression here that the Toluca miners will not return to work, and if they do not the mission of the army is successful.

TROOPS ROUT GALVIN.

His Army Forced to Abandon Their Captured Train.

COLUMBUS, O., April 30.—Battery H and four companies of the Fourteenth Ohio National guard left this city for Mount Sterling, where the Galvin contingent of the Coxeyites held a train and refused to give it up. They took Gatling guns with them. Detective Mohoney, with a posse of twenty men, reached Mount Sterling at 2:15 o'clock in the morning and ordered Galvin to take his party from the Baltimore and Ohio cars. The commonweal refused to move and jeers greeted the detectives. Mahoney concluded to telegraph the governor for aid and it resulted in the militia being ordered out. Mahoney was accompanied by Sheriff Chenowith, who also ordered the men to leave the train. When he had concluded Galvin spoke to his men, saying: "Men, I have no control over you. You must act on your own judgment in this matter. Each man must act for himself individually, but I would advise you to obey the order of the sheriff." Not a word came from the men. The sheriff then made a request upon the state for the assistance of the military.

The troops arrived at Mt. Sterling at 12:10 p. m. Adjutant General Howe immediately took command. At 1 o'clock the troops mounted the cars. The Galvins scrambled off and the train moved away. No shots were fired.

CELEBRATION AT GALENA.

Grant's Birthday Anniversary Observed in a Fitting Manner.

GALENA, Ills., April 27.—Galena was in holiday dress for the celebration of Grant's birthday anniversary. Hundreds of visitors from surrounding points thronged the street and nearly every building made more or less eloborate show of decoration. At 2 o'clock a special train brought a party of guests from Chicago, including Luther Laflin Mills, orator of the day. The Chicago visitors were met at the Illinois Central depot by a reception committee and military escort and conveyed to Turner hall, where the exercises were held. Mayor Bermingham as president of the day introduced Mr. Mills. The Imperial quartette of Chicago sang. The day was clear and balmy.

Centralia Miners Go Out.

CENTRALIA, Ills., May 1.—The 400 or more miners employed in the two mines here have come out and joined the strike. The wages paid here are 56¼ cents and the mines have a contract to supply the Illinois Central railway. One of these mines supplies about 400 tons for this purpose daily and the contract does not expire until June 1. Every effort both on the part of the citizens here and the mine owners has been exercised to continue the work in the mines, but in vain. The Centralia miners admit that they are satisfied with the work and pay, but the leaders have urged them to quit and they have done so.

Result of a Stroke of Lightning.

ST. PAUL, April 30.—A Fairfax, Minn., special to The Dispatch says: John T. Maxwell's large barn, four miles south of here, was struck by lightning and completely destroyed by fire with two horses and five head of cattle. Mr. Maxwell while trying to save his stock was kicked in the spine. His hired man, who was in the stable at the time, was struck by lightning. Both men are in a critical condition.

Accident to Excursionists.

BRAHILOK, May 1.—A terrible accident occurred here. While the pier was crowded with people in holiday attire bound for Galitz, on the Danube, waiting for the steamer which was to convey them to that place, the pier gave way and threw about one hundred and twenty people into the water. Many of the excursionists are believed to have been drowned.

Suicide at 74 Years.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., April 30.—Colonel Leon Silverman, formerly a prominent politician of Wisconsin, but recently a resident of this city, committed suicide here, shooting himself in the head and breast. He was 75 years old and had been in a very despondent mind of late from unknown causes.

Vetoed by Governor Flower.

ALBANY, N. Y., April 30.—As soon as the legislature adjourned finally Governor Flower vetoed the blanket ballot bill with the individual paster. He would have signed it if the blanket paster had come to him with the bill.

Clergyman Commits Suicide.

FORT MEADE, Fla., April 26.—Rev. C. E. Butler, and Episcopal clergyman, was found hanging to the bedpost in his room at the Lockner house, where he boarded. His wife and family are at Atlantic City, N. J.

INCOME TAX WILL STAY.

PLAIN STATEMENT MADE BY AN INDIANA SENATOR.

The Indiana Statesman Proclaims in His Most Impressive Manner That the Income Feature of the Tariff Bill Is There to Stay—Marriage of Miss Hattie Blaine to the Son of the Late General Beale.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The time of the senate was occupied in spicy colloquies between Messrs. Hale, Teller and Aldrich on the one side and Harris and Voorhees on the other upon the question why no better progress is being made with the tariff bill.

Voorhees made a plain statement on the floor of the senate. "I want to say here," he said, in his most impressive manner, "that, in spite of what other changes may be made—no matter what may be floating in the air—the income tax will stay in this bill."

BEALE-BLAINE.

Daughtar of the Late Secretary of State Marries a Millionaire.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The marriage of Miss Hattie Blaine and Truxton Beale, son of the late General Beale, took place

MISS HATTIE BLAINE.

in this city in the presence of a small number of intimate friends. The happy couple started on a bridal tour up the Hudson, and will also make a trip to California, where Mr. Beale owns a ranch.

ON A FORCED MARCH.

"General" Kelly and His Army Anxious to Reach Des Moines.

STEWART, Ia., April 30.—Kelly's industrial army began its forced march to Des Moines under smiling skies and with a solid column singing their "war" songs and eager for the tramp. The Sacramento malcontents had straggled in during the night, having tired of their temporary desertion, and 1,251 men lined up for roll call and tramped down the green hillside when Kelly turned his charge toward Des Moines. The citizens of Stuart were liberal in their contributions of food and forty-one teams were furnished for the men's transportation. The young commander was smiling and happy as he galloped up and down the long line of loaded wagons and trudging men. He had not aroused much sympathy among the towns people, but he had secured much subsistence, and in the double barreled negatives of his little orderly, Walter, he "didn't have nothing to kick about." Kelly was confident of reaching Des Moines early in the morning. "We will be there to greet our friends when they awake," he said.

Speeches Galore, but No Recruits.

KEOKUK, Ia., May 1.—A meeting presided over by local Populist leaders was held here for the purpose of organizing a contingent of Coxey's army. Several hundred people attended and fiery speeches were made. Resolutions were adopted encouraging Couxey and his scheme, but no one could be induced to enlist.

Bungling Execution.

WASHINGTON, April 28.—Thomas Crumpton, colored, was hanged for the murder of David Shanklin, another negro. The execution was a bungling affair, as the rope was nearly broken by the fall, and it was thought necessary to strengthen it with another rope. Crumpton's heart beat for twenty-eight minutes after the fall and he probably strangled to death.

Thomas Coxey, father of J. S. Coxey, has been buying lead mines near Doylestown, Pa.

During the first three months of this year 1,005 persons were cremated in France. The French Society for the Propagation of Cremation reports that there were 1,015 incinerations last year.

"Ben" Tillman, governor of South Carolina, is described as a little man, weighing not over 140 pounds, with only one good eye, but a good deal of fire in it. No other man in the state can rouse a rustic audience to a higher pitch of enthusiasm.

Burglars blew open the safe in the Ullrich's Savings bank at Mount Clemens, Mich., but could not open the inner door, which saved $30,000.

The 5-year-old daughter of James McManis was burned to death at Brazil, Ind.

Robert Salmons of Dallas, Tex., and James Howard of Butte, Mont., were arrested in Kansas City, Mo., for counterseiting.

An international exhibition of horticulture and fruit culture is to be held in St. Petersburg from Sept. 23 to Nov. 12 next.

Lon Sires, who attempted to wreck a train at Richland Center, Wis., was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

Frank Sayles, a prominent Knight of Pythias, was run over and killed by a train at Blue Island, Ills.

The puddlers employed at the Columbia (Pa.) rolling mill struck against a reduction in wages from $2.75 to $2.50 per ton.

Chicago confidence men swindled Joliet victims out of money on the old "flimflam," or short card game.

Pecatonico, Ills., incendiaries destroyed Whittlesey's livery barn, including two stallions, valued at $1,000 each, and a team of road horses.

Edward Gunion, 18 years old, accidentally shot and killed himself while hunting near Noblesville, Ind.

Isador Taylor fatally shot his mother-in-law, Mrs. Henry Rock of Upper Sandusky, O., and escaped. They had quarreled about property.

James Henderson shot and killed Henry McIntosh in a quarrel near Oaktown, Ind. Both were single and farm laborers.

Leslie C. Niblack, night editor of the Guthrie, O. T., Leader, was stabbed by an unknown man, who escaped, though shot after.

PRETTY POWERFUL COMBINE,

That of the K. of L.-A. R. U., According to Mr. Sovereign.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 1.—General Master Workman James R. Sovereign, of the Knights of Labor, addressed his followers in Labor Temple. He created something of a sensation by announcing that the Knights had declared a boycott on Washburn-Crosby flour, and on this point he said:

"By day after tomorrow not a pound of Washburn-Crosby flour will be sold in Pittsburg and little in the large cities. The American Railway Union is with us. We have a combination of labor which no opposition can defeat, for the American Railway Union says to the mill magnates: 'If you do not make terms with those men we will not pull your flour to the market.' Such a combination is impregnable."

The Washburn-Crosby company has had considerable trouble of late with its packers. The boycott is seemingly the outcome of this trouble.

ON MISSIONARY WORK INTENT.

Mine Workers Union Men Go to Southern Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, May 1.—President Crawford, of the state Miners union, reports that with the exception of a very few small mines scattered over the state all the mines are closed except those of the Consolidated Coal Company in southern Illinois, which are machine mines, and which are the most extensive in the west. William Howells, of Colorado, and George Bainbridge, of Coal City, member of the executive board United Mine Workers of America, has left here for Mount Olive to endeavor to get the miners at the Consolidated Coal Company's mine there to strike, and President Crawford will go there. Crawford thinks that all the Consolidated Coal Company's miners will be out in a few days. These mines have been shipping hundreds of car loads of coal north daily the past few days.

IOWA DISGRACED AGAIN.

Lynch Law Has Its Way in One of Her Chief Cities.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., May 1.—A mob at 2 o'clock this morning went to the city jail, after having shut off the electric lights, and disarmed the jailer. They quickly forced their way into the frail structure and took out Johnson, alias Wilson, who shot Marshal Whitney Sunday morning. Without any further ceremony they strung him up and then quietly dispersed.

Centralia Miners Go Out.

CENTRALIA, Ills., May 1.—The 400 or more miners employed in the two mines here have come out and joined the strike. The wages paid here are 56¼ cents and the mines have a contract to supply the Illinois Central railway. One of these mines supplies about 400 tons for this purpose daily and the contract does not expire until June 1. Every effort both on the part of the citizens here and the mine owners has been exercised to continue the work in the mines, but in vain. The Centralia miners admit that they are satisfied with the work and pay, but the leaders have urged them to quit and they have done so.

The Case of Chief Ramsay.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., May 1.—In the Ramsay case other witnesses were introduced to show that Ramsay was at Vinton on the night of Sept. 27, 1892, the night the wires were grounded. The defense then rested. The state then put on the stand Charles A. Rose, who has been a switch man in Cedar Rapids for fifteen years. He testified that Ramsay made a speech half an hour long at a meeting of his union on the night of Sept. 27, 1892. Other witnesses testified to the same effect.

Little Progress in Legislation.

WASHINGTON, May 1.—The senate wrangled all day over the tariff bill, concluding the talk with a bitter personal attack by Turpie on Aldrich, whom he called a liar. Then Quay spoke until a quorum was missing and the senate adjourned.

The house passed a bill for a bridge near Nebraska City, Neb. Then in committee the army appropriation bill was considered and completed and the committee rising the bill was passed without important amendment.

Tied-Up on the Eastern Minnesota.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., May 1.—Sheriff McGrath has sworn in twenty deputies, and Chief of Police Lutton thirty extra men at the request of the Eastern Minnesota officials. The officials intended to start out a passenger train, and it was to be taken out by the master mechanic, but the fireman who was to go with him did not arrive and nothing moved on the tracks.

Precautions Against the Smallpox.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., May 1.—All the railroads in Illinois running into adjacent states have issued a circular letter to all conductors, station and depot agents, requiring those officials to promptly report to the several state boards of health the appearance of suspected passengers and baggage, and other matters regarding the prevention of the infection of smallpox.

A Heavy Blow at Ottumwa.

OTTUMWA, Ia., May 1.—A heavy hail storm demolished nearly every pane of glass in the business portion of this place. Keosauqua tower of the Hederick school was blown down and the roof blown off. The tower went through the rooms, practically demolishing one. One family narrowly escaped injury by a tree falling, crashing through the house.

Settled a Strike of Ore Trimmers.

MARQUETTE, Mich., May 1.—A settlement of the ore trimmers' strike has been effected on terms favorable to the union trimmers. The union men accept a cut in the rate to 2½ cents per ton, but in turn they win the main point of contention, the abolition of the boss system. Each man shares now equally in all receipts for work.

In the Base Ball Field.

CHICAGO, May 1.—Following are the League scores on the base ball diamond: At Cincinnati—Pittsburg 15, Cincinnati 6; at New York—Baltimore 10, New York 6; at Philadelphia—Boston 6, Philadelphia 5; at Louisville—Chicago 2, Louisville 8; at Washington—Brooklyn 13, Washington 10.

Charles B. Mallarkey, cashier, was shot by a robber in Portland, Ore., who took $2,000. Mallarkey may die.

A horse and buggy stolen from John Perry at South Bend, Ind., were recovered at Benton Harbor, Mich. The thief had sold the outfit and escaped.

Rich discoveries of gold are reported from the Dixie district in Idaho.

Two cases of smallpox have been discovered at Clinton, Ia., and a general outbreak is feared.

1894		MAY.				1894
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

There were sixty-five fresh cases of cholera in Lisbon. Of the previous patients forty-one have been pronounced convalescent.

Queen Victoria has granted the title of honorable for life to those men who have acted as speaker of any legislative council or assembly in Canada for a period of three years.

It is announced that Timothy Healy, the noted Nationalist member of parliament, will retire from public life and identify himself with newspaper work in the United States.

The house bill for the protection of birds and animals in the Yellowstone National park was passed by the senate.

Archie McIntyre of Devils Lake, Md., was murdered by a neighbor who feared him as a court witness.

* * *

The Kansas People's party convention will be held in Topeka June 30.

H. W. Ogden, Democrat, was elected to congress at Shreveport, La., to fill the unexpired term of N. S. Blanchard.

The Rock Island railroad will send out ten rainmaking outfits along its Kansas and Nebraska lines.

The California supreme court has decided that Florence Blythe Bickley, illegitimate daughter of the late Thomas Blythe, is the rightful heir to his estate, valued at $4,000,000. There were nearly a hundred claimants.

General E. C. Walthall of Mississippi, who resigned from the United States senate a few months ago, has almost entirely recovered his health.

Roswell Miller, president of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, has gone on a seven weeks' trip to Europe. He will visit France, Spain and England.

* * *

Hans Neilson of Lyons, Ia., a fisherman 55 years of age, fell from his boat and was drowned.

John Clark has been appointed receiver for the rolling mills at Moweaqua, Ills.

Convicts in the South Carolina state prison set fire to the shops, causing $25,000 loss. No escapes.

Turk Murphy, who was arrested in Peoria under the name of John Maloney, is wanted in Indianapolis for counterfeiting.

A jury was secured at Sheboygan, Wis., in the trial of ex-Banker Shove. Bookkeeper Knudtson was on the stand all day. Thomas M. Blackstock, a possible candidate for governor, is one of the jurors.

There are forty cases of smallpox at Texarkana, Tex.

Among the most prominent senators whose terms of service expire with the present congress are Chandler, Cullom, Dolph, Frye, Harris, Hoar, Manderson, McPherson, Morgan, Ransom, Washburn and Wolcott.

* * *

L. N. Lind was burned to death while fighting a prairie fire at Fairmount, Minn.

Charley Mitchell and "Pony" Moore have decided to go on the turf. They purchased a racing stable for over $10,000.

Crude oil was found in an abandoned gas well at Springfield, O.

Corbett has promised Jem Mace to appear with him in boxing exhibitions in Dublin and London.

W. H. Ogle, station agent and operator of Belgrade, Mont., was killed by a burglar and an unsuccessful attempt made to blow open the safe. The burglar fled, leaving his tools on the floor by the safe.

The railways and canals sub-committee of the house have agreed to report favorably Representative Kefer's bill appropiating $10,000 for a preliminary survey to ascertain the practicability of the construction of a canal between Lake Superior and the Mississippi river.

* * *

It is not generally known that Sarah Bernhardt, the great actress, was once a dressmaker's apprentice.

Fred Grubb, in jail at Creston, Ia., for sending indecent matter through the mails, committed suicide by hanging.

Western lines have agreed to make homeseekers excursion rates of one fare for the round trip on May 8 and 29 to the usual western territory.

President Peixoto has ordered all Brazilian customs duties to be paid in gold.

Henry Goodhart was sentenced at Mount Carmel, Ills., to fourteen years' imprisonment for killing Constable John S. Leintz.

Sophia Schlenten testified in her suit for divorce at Springfield, O., that her husband pulled her around her yard by the hair. Each is over 70 years old and they have been married fifty years.

The Canadian government proposes to place a supply of tuberculine in the hands of veterinarians throughout the country to test its efficacy in tuberculosis.

Weak and Poor

In flesh, had a cough all the time, and sometimes I could not lie down for I was so distressed, short of breath. I consulted seven physicians, and the conclusion was that I certainly had Consumption and my case was hopeless. One physician advised me to go either south or to Colorado, as I could not live in the north. My husband was in the drug business and sold out to go away, but a friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and

Mrs. F. O. Stone

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

have improved rapidly in health ever since I began with it, and am now able to do my own work. I feel like a new person." Mrs. F. O. Stone, Geneva, Ohio.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mails as second class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 5, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Der Corner Grocery."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Camille D'Arville Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Lady Windermere's Fan."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"America."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"Master and Man."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Blue-Grass."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—J. H. Wallack.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

OUR NAVY.

William McAdoo, assistant secretary of the United States navy, spoke at a meeting held in Roslindale, a suburb of Boston, Mass., on last Sunday evening, on "The Navy and the Nation, the Lesson of 1812." In reviewing the early history of our fleet, he said that it dates substantially from the second war with Great Britain. It is quite true that it had a glorious record before that date; but it was not properly organized till that year. Its continued organization from 1812 down to our own day has been perfected under great difficulties, and with the most limited facilities, the enthusiasm, zeal and ability of its young officers had begotten a personnel second to none in the world. He complained, however, that the law fixes no limit to the age of the leading officers of our navy, the result of which is that nearly all the best positions in our naval service are filled by old fogies, the youngest of whom is 70 years of age, and the most ancient 90. Mr. McAdoo said that he would insist that some congressional action should be taken with a view to pension off these impotent patriarchs, whose usefulness and enterprise are relics of the far past. The young and brainy officers should get a chance to attain positions of responsibility and command. The actually old officers still adopt the played-out methods of two generations ago in their administration of the navy, with the result that our war vessels are quite behind those of today built in Europe.

The young officers, who have studied the equipments of that most modern of all navies, the Italian, which was built between the years 1882-89, are the only fit and proper persons who should be set to work at the reorganization and modernization of our fleet. "Taken on the whole, our young officers are men of ability," said the assistant secretary, "ripe experience and fervid patriotism, and should at once be promoted to posts of exalted dignity in the navy, if we can get congress to adopt such a radical, but absolutely necessary revolution in the personnel of our fleet."

The assistant secretary, moreover, gave it as his opinion that the very few forts, that are situated along our coasts which extend thousands and thousands of miles, are practically useless if a foreign navy were to attack our shores—the fortified centers being generally some seven hundred miles apart. "We will," he exclaimed, "be eventually compelled, in view of a possible struggle with England, to build one hundred more men-of-war to cope with the navy of that power."

Mr. McAdoo waxed eloquent toward the close of his patriotic discourse, as follows: "In the days of the olden navies, much less in the present time, the fort was outdistanced by the ship. We all remember how the heroic Farragut took whole squadrons into bays, and up rivers, bristling with land batteries, and during the late troubles in Brazil the rebel fleet ran in and out of harbors, closely studded with forts firing zealously upon them, but their labor was all in vain, as they did no damage to mainmasts or to the hulks of these vessels.

"The minds and souls of all patriots take on fresh resolves for their country as they read of the Hartford steaming majestically through a hell of batteries, daring the unseen dangers of the torpedo, with that great American sailor Farragut lashed to the shrouds.

"They will glow with honest, patriotic pride, and America will seem more dear to them when they read how, on that summer morning, off the coast of France, in the presence of unfriendly foreigners who were planning our destruction and wishing our downfall, the grand old Kearsarge challenged to mortal combat the Alabama, the destroyer of our commerce; and they will shed a tear to think of her loyal ribs, torn and scarred, lying on the rocks of Roncador, while the sea birds soar around her ragged spars, to which the starry ensign has been nailed and still floats tonight, bidding defiance to the destroying elements of nature, as it did years ago to the murderous weapons of man."

Later reports still aver that a rumor was current a few days ago in the naval department of Washington that a report had been received from one of the shipyards, at which the new vessels are being built, describing a series of discoveries made in the armor plates furnished by the Carnagie mills which were said to be imperfect, and to be utterly unfit for use. This rumor however, was later on denied. Latest telegrams say that it was an atrocious libel on the workmanship of the Carnegie company's skilled artists in plate. So much the better.

MISERY IN THE ARRAN ISLES.

Mr. Channing, an Englishman, belonging to the Radical wing of the English Liberal party, who has just returned from a tour in the Arran Islands, situated on the western coast of Ireland, reports the great sufferings of the unfortunate tenants that are now being evicted by John Morley's bums, bailiffs and policemen. He tells us that the people were kept alive on a scanty dole of Indian meal, their huts were more wretched than any dwellings he had ever seen, and utterly divested of furniture. The natives of Arran were scantily clad, and were clearly in deep distress. Little ragged children, with pale, bloodless, wizened, pinched faces were huddled together over the embers of a fire made of dried manure. The evicted tenants and their families have been received in their neighbors' huts, and the overcrowding prevailing in the small and wretched hovels is, in Mr. Channing's opinion, dangerously unhealthy. He peeped into one hut which housed no fewer than twelve people, no bigger than a railway carriage. The American may have a false idea of that; his carriage is a long and spacious compartment, but the compartments on the English and European railway lines are as small as a prison cell. Is not this a ghastly picture of Irish life worse than some of the most harrowing word-paintings of Dante's "Inferno," in its terrible realism? And this is under the regime of a government whose object purports to be a hearty union of hearts and hands between the English and Irish peoples. The "liberal" (sic) government of today is a gang of nauseating hypocrites. They smell malodorously in decent Irishmen's nostrils.

A THRIFTY RACE.

The French people—and when we come to think of it, we might add the overwhelming majority of whom constitute a happy and prosperous peasantry, for their acres are their own—have proved by their financial losses that by a few subsequent years of stricter economy than usual they make up for the ruin of their fortunes, and become more prosperous than ever, after a few years of fair weather. They are recuperative in everything, in vigor, and in the restoration of health. Their good humor, under the most terrible misfortunes, that would drive another race to suicide is simply marvellous. They laugh off their losses.

Two disastrous financial events fell like thunderbolts on the French nation. In 1871 they had to pay a colossal indemnity, one hundred milliards of francs, to Prussia, each milliard meaning 100,000,000 francs! It was indeed a most stupendous sum. The wily William I of Germany fancied that this gigantic tax would most certainly make France the poorest country in Europe. Ten years were allowed the French to pay off that amount. In proportion to the amount paid, the Prussian soldiers on her soil retreated Rhine-wards in a similar proportion. The French people to the east of Paris protested against being victimized in this scandalous fashion; for 200,000 German officers and soldiers were quartered on them. The other sections in France nobly came forward and allowed the people of the eastern districts to be exempted from the tax. When the government called for one million of francs they subscribed two, while the patriotic Baron de Rothschild, the most popular Frenchman of today, subscribed two more, generously refusing to accept any interest on that sum of money. The next year the entire people raised one other milliard—with the glorious result that the whole tax—to Kaiser William's disappointment and disgust—was swept off the German-French account book, and the last of the German garrison had no further right to stand on the soil of France. Never before in the world's history was there such a financial triumph. Five years ago, thanks chiefly to the wealth of their vineyards, which produce twelve times as much wine as any other nation in Europe, and which, next to their agricultural products, is the chief source of French wealth, the government, whose exchequer was becoming glutted with gold, gradually returned the whole capital to the subscribers to the tax in yearly instalments of half a milliard in six years. The government, after thus acquitting themselves of their debt to the people, prepared at once to pay off on the same lines their debt to the generous Hebrew gentleman; but that noble man firmly declined it.

"It was a gift to my country in the darkest hours of her financial disasters. *Mon dieu!* if having twenty milliards myself, I only subscribed to the tax a beggarly two of them, I have not done so much after all."

This noble generosity served the interests of the Baron, with the result that half a million of French farmers and business men invested their cash in his bank. He reaped more than he lost by his gift of two milliards. The most remarkable characteristic of the French warm and enthusiastic temperament is the never-dying glory of its gratitude.

The second financial blow dealt the French nation since 1871, was the Panama disaster, which occurred two years ago, and which smirched most of the Republic's leading politicians. The money wreckage amounted to an entire milliard of francs. The clerks in the cities and towns, and the small farmers of the country, were the chief victims all over France, and a good deal of want and destitution prevailed till quite recently, when last year's very wealthy harvest made her more prosperous than ever. To prove that she was herself again, the municipal corporation of Paris wanted a loan of half a milliard of francs last week. The citizens of Paris alone subscribed a milliard in two hours after the call was made known to the public!

The cause of this unrivalled prosperity is thrift. At school, in the bosom of the family, the French child, learns his lesson of thrift so well and so practically, that he saves the pennies he gets on his Saints Day, and Sunday, and when he reaches his majority, he has 500 francs to his credit, and the girl has the same. The artisan saves a dollar a week from his salary of fifteen, after a female child is born to him. When she reaches the age of 17, that means a dowry for the girl of $1,000 including the interest of the growing capital in the bank till it reaches the sum of $884. This sum, added to girls' pennies, which now amount to $200 more, forms a catching capital for a fellow mechanic who may be earning $25 a week. It sets him up in business for himself. The fathers in the middle-classes can afford to give $25,000 dowry to their daughter by the virtue of their thrift.

That is the reason why there is no appaling poverty of any kind in France. Her aristocratic classes are wealthy, her bourgeois class has tens of thousands of dollars to spare, and the mechanics have lots of cash in the banks.

A YOUNG IRISH LADY COMPOSER.

The *London Magazine of Music*, the official organ of the musical world in that city, has an interview in its columns with Miss Elizabeth Reynolds, a native of Cork City, a young composer, destined by her marvellous talents to a bright and successful future. The interview took place in Leipzig, Germany, where the pretty *Fraulein* Reynolds is studying. She is tall and stately, with blue black hair crowning her head, eyes of dreamy sombre languor, and a perfect figure in harmony with the undulating lines of the "female form divine," laid down by the famous artist, Hogarth. She has a vivacious manner and a rapid way of speaking, peculiarly Celtic. She said that she was only 3 years old when she commenced the study of music. She used to hear her elder sister play the piano, and then seek to imitate her.

"At seven and a half," quoth this Irish *fraulein*, "I played the piano part of Mozart's and Beethoven's violin sonatas entirely by ear, as I could not just then read a note. I remember a violinist who used to play with my sister once asking me to play with him. All went well as long as they were pieces I had heard, but when asked to read, of course I could not do so. I then commenced to study music, my teacher being Mr. de Prins for piano, and Herr Swertz for theory, both of Cork."

"In reply to further questions, I heard that on having the above teachers, Miss Reynolds came straight away to Germany, being then a little girl of about thirteen and a half, and entered the 'Hochschule' in Berlin. Here she was placed in the piano class of Herr von Petersen, whom she considers an excellent teacher, and for composition that of Woldmar Bargiel. The first step that seems to have brought her much attention was when she played a Prelude and Fugue of her own composition at one of the Hochschule concerts, and Joachim straightway took an interest in her. On leaving the Hochschule, Joachim gave her a letter to Anton Rubinstein, saying that although Rubinstein was averse to giving lessons, nothing would be lost by going down to see, and, if possible, play to him. Rubinstein heard her, but did not want to bother with giving any lessons. He, however, after some hesitation, accepted her, and she was fortunate enough to have lessons from him for no less a time than one year. Considering how averse Rubinstein is to lesson giving, this must be considered a great compliment. At the time Miss Reynolds was studying with him, Rubinstein had only three regular pupils, a *Fraulein* Jakimowski (a Russian, whom I had the pleasure of meeting and hearing here privately last winter), Josef Hoffman and herself.

"Asked to give me some particulars of Rubinstein's way of teaching, I got the reply, 'Well, we used to go for our lessons whenever we had anything ready to play. We took two copies of each piece; one was placed on Rubinstein's writing-desk—at which he would sit with a cigarette—and the other on the piano—not that we used the copy on the piano, but it was there in case Herr Rubinstein came to the piano. Every piece had to be thoroughly worked up technically beforehand, and, of course, played from memory, as if we attempted to stop to turn the pages, we were met with, 'Go on; what are you stopping for?'

"The piece I played through without a remark on Rubinstein's part. When I finished he would straightway commence to tear everything to shreds—it was so horrible, so annoying and so disgraceful! Everything went wrong with him, and he'd go into this royal rage of his for ten minutes or so, after he had rushed his hands through his hair hundreds of times—he would calm down, and show how it should be done. Every bar should be gone over again until it went right so that it had never to be taken up a second time."

Miss Reynolds is about to enter on her professional career on Jan. 1, 1895. THE CITIZEN wishes the young and talented Irish lady the best of popular success.

FATHER CUNNINGHAM IN DIXON.

The Rev. Father L. J. Cunningham, recently of this city, is winning golden opinions in his new sphere of usefulness, as pastor of St. Patrick's church, Dixon, Ill. We find in the Dixon *Evening Telegram* of April 23 the following:

"The members of the Catholic church of this city are greatly pleased with their new assistant priest, Rev. Father Cunningham, who comes from Chicago where for seven years he has been with Rev. Father Gill at St. Charles' church, corner of Cyprus and Twelfth Street boulevard. His eloquent introductory remarks to our people were well received."

ACCORDING to the *Labor Gazette* of London no fewer than 3,694 Irish laborers have arrived on a three months' trip to do spring work in English agricultural districts. After such a good agricultural harvest season in Ireland last year, where the potato crop was so plentiful, these laborers were all able to pay their fare to England, where wages are much higher than they are in the Green Isle. In England laborers are paid half a crown. In Ireland they can barely make both ends meet on tenpence a day, so when the end of May is reached each of the Irish laborers will have a snug little fortune in his wallet to tide over the idle summer days, and then in the fall he will have plenty of money in the product of the potatoes of three acres of soil—if that variable crop will be as plentiful this year as it was last. These laborers all come from Connacht.

INSPECTOR MELVILLE, the terror of the dynamiter, and anarchist in London, is a Kerryman. This son of the old kingdom is to be decorated with the gold cross of the Legion of Honor by the French government. A check for $5,000 will accompany the cross. Happy Melville!

HON. FRANK HATTON, editor of the Washington *Post*, and well known as a newspaper man throughout the country, died at his home in Washington on Monday afternoon, of paralysis. Mr. Hatton was postmaster-general under President Arthur, and had the distinction of being the youngest man to have ever been honored with a cabinet position with the exception of Alexander Hamilton.

THE Irish Bostonians can boast of having in their midst a clever, and promising musical composer named John A. O'Shea, a very young man, whose genius is destined to develop in future years. He is the author of a new set of waltzes, "Woven Fancies," played by the orchestra of the Hollis Street Theatre on the opening night of the Kendal's engagement.

LITERARY fashion, like dame fortune, is invariably capricious. The literary world discovered Ibsen, the realistic Norwegian writer, some four years ago, and low—lo! and behold!—the high priests of the temple of the intellect went down on their marrow-bones and worshipped him. When he came out of his shell, he proceeded to London, where his translated novels were the literary sensation of the hour; and dainty duchesses were known to have hugged in the embraces of their plump, bare, white arms the neck of the dear little man, and stain his immaculate shirt-front with their tears of joy After three months of these caresses, Ibsen found his laundry bills for that time excessively high, and as he did not want to dissipate his fortune recklessly, he instructed his secretary to exact, from every fair visitor that wished to see him, a promise that she would not embrace him. The most curious feature of these duchesses' love for Ibsen is that he is by no manner of means an Adonis or a Don Juan. His manners in society are those of a bear. Blue spectacles are perched over his nose. He has the features of a pack goat, and his figure is that of a dwarf! Now the literary world is tired of the little old man, and he has got to "git out"—don't cher know?

KOSSUTH'S "Memoires of My Exile" has just been published by D. Appleton & Co. It is a most vividly and cleverly written autobiography.

THE usual St. George's Day banquet was given on April 23, at the Mansion House, London. The lord mayor proposed a toast to our ambassador at the Court of St. James. In replying, Mr. Bayard said that he felt—haw—quite embarrassed—haw—by the infinite hospitality—haw—of his English cousins. The chickens were—haw—coming to roost under the wings of the fond mother hen. He met his fellow-Britishers—haw—at that table with a—haw—profound sense of joy. Oh, thunder and turf! What is the world coming to at all—at all? Bayard a Britisher! The ambassador of the great Republic of the West, the overwhelming majority of the population of which have European, and not Anglo-Saxon blood running in their veins, posing as an Anglo-Saxon! O ye heavens! What a downright crazy and bedeviled loon must not this diplomatic flunkey be! The fact of the matter is that he lies in his teeth, when he proclaimed to the world that he is an Anglo-Saxon. His very name Bayard is most undoubtedly French. He may be, indeed, a lineal descendant of the great French knight of that name, who nobly died for his king on the battlefield. If so, the bones of that illustrious chevalier ought to have rattled with supreme contempt, when this modern Bayard, the ignoble descendant of a once princely stock, was making a long-eared ass of himself at the flunkey feast in the London Mansion House.

IT is said that Senator Hill has given up his presidential ambition. He has been quite a dismal failure, so far, in his struggle for the presidential bauble. He is an impossible candidate anyhow.

THE "Hon" George Fitzclarence, a grandson of King William IV, Queen Victoria's predecessor in the throne, died recently in London. This poor relative of the queen was early in life put in an asylum, although the man was sound in mind, in order that he might not expose the ghastly skeleton concealed in the Guelph closet. His father was the bastard son of King William by one of his many mistresses. Ugh! the English court has been for centuries the hot-bed of foul immorality!

ONE of the most popular of Irish singers in the London Easter season was Mr. Joseph O'Mara, who is a tenor employed by Sir Augustus Harris. He it is who performed so successfully in Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe."

THE GRAVE OF THOMAS MOORE.

[*Galway Vindicator.*]

Few of the many visitors who journey through Wiltshire, says the London *Echo*, are acquainted with the resting place of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet—that he lies buried in English soil. In the sequestered and pretty hamlet of Bromham, some three miles from Devizes, is the tomb of the melodious lyric writer, whose works are engrafted in the national life of Ireland. The church of St. Nicholas, Bromham, is remarkable for its decorative chapel, situated on the southeast of the building, which contains various monuments of the Baynton family, and specimens of armor of past centuries. It dates from the time of the Prelate Earl Beauchamp, in the reign of Edward IV. The church occupies an elevated and commanding position, and the venerable pile may be seen for miles, as the chief object of interest, crowning the beautiful plains around Bromham. The churchyard is carefully kept in order, and the spreading yew trees give a sacred tone to the place. Here rest the remains of Ireland's favorite poet, in a family vault encompassed by railings. The inscription on the large Bath stone runs as follows:

THOMAS MOORE,
Tenderly beloved of all who knew the goodness of his heart—the poet and patriot of his country, Ireland.
Born May 28th, 1776. Sank to rest Feb. 25th, 1852. Aged 72.
God is love.

There is in the interior of St. Nicholas' church a beautiful memorial stained window, bearing the following inscription:

"This window was placed in this church by the combined subscriptions of 200 persons who honor the memory of the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, Thomas Moore."

The poet died on Feb. 25, 1852, at Sloperton Cottage, near Bromham; the cottage is in good preservation, entirely overmantled by ivy, with spacious flower and fruit gardens. On walking round the neat enclosure, in the calm, spring-like morn, one Sunday, the snow-drop bells fringed the garden walks, and crocus and daffodil graced the modest but historical home with their sunny smile. The Rev. E. Edgell, rector of St. Nicholas' church, courteously informed the writer that he read the funeral service over the great poet, who was a man beloved in his day and generation:

"So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is over."

There are many interesting places in and around Bromham; according to the history of Devizes, it is recorded that Henry VIII., with Anne Boleyn visited Bromham in 1535. The father of Anne Boleyn was the Earl of Wiltshire.

The poet Moore's declining years were made comfortable by a pension of £300 per annum from the crown. This ceased at his death, but his diary and letters, through the interest of Lord Russell, were published by Longman & Co., and yielded a comfortable maintenance to Moore's widow for the rest of her days.

The old curfew bell of St. Nicholas still rings the knell of parting day over the wide spreading plains of Bromham, and the lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea, but the voices of the forefathers of the hamlet are still, while the chant of a sweet singer of a nation's hopes and joys is still being heard, and will be for ages.

REVIEW.

"Green Graves," by Walter Lecky. Baltimore: Murphy & Co., Catholic publishers.

This is a graphically written little book, printed in long primer, on polished paper, which gives it an air of aristocratic beauty. Many a fascinating "get up" may, however, be a mask for shallow thought and a wobbling style; but in Leckey's case, the ideas and style are even superior to the graceful and dainty "get up" of his volume. The author is a young Donegal Irishman, located in a French-Canadian town, situated away up amid the Adirondacks, where he follows the profession of doctor, devoting himself in his spare moments to literature. He is the author of those realistic and richly talented sketches of original types of American character that may be found in those mountainous recesses where he himself resides. His "Green Graves" are essays which are veritable literary mosaics. In his recent tour of Ireland, he spent weeks in the Glasnevin and Mount Jerome cemeteries in Dublin. The result is that his "Green Graves" gives us good descriptions of the graves of D. F. McCarthy, James Clarence Mangan, William Carleton and Daniel O'Connell. Davis' grave in Mount Jerome is delineated in three or four of the most graphic pages of the book, which is published by Murphy & Co., Catholic publishers, Baltimore, and costs only a quarter. It should be in the library of every Irish-American.

THE LATE JUDGE BOLAND.

Kansas City Nationalists Pass Resolutions of Respect to His Memory.

KANSAS CITY, April 30.—At a meeting of Irish Nationalists held on the 28th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The scythe of mortality which seems to regard not the fitness of things, and spares not in its fatal stroke, has stricken down our esteemed and respected brother and associate, Michael Boland, who, during a long and active life, has applied himself industriously to promote the principles for which O'Neil and Sarsfield fought, and Wolfe Tone and Emmet died—principles for which he labored silently and unselfishly, and

WHEREAS, In our long association with him we have ever found him a faithful and loyal friend, and have learned to admire the many sterling qualities of his head and heart; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That by the death of our brother, Michael Boland, the Cause has sustained a great loss—the loss of one whose talent and energy were always freely given to its advancement, and whose wisdom and foresight has done much to command for it the attention of lovers of liberty and justice throughout the world; and that in his unanticipated death we recognize a vacancy in our midst—a void which no common effort can supply; and be it further

Resolved, That our deceased brother, in view of his many social virtues, his well manifested patriotism and kindly regard for his kindred, has left behind him a warm and lasting impression of his character as a worthy Irishman.

Resolved, That the officers' regalia, the flags and other paraphernalia of the association be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, also presented to the relict of our late brother, and inserted in the columns of THE CITIZEN of Chicago, and *Irish Republic* of New York.

Edmond Lynch, P. F. Heydon, Timothy F. Ryan, John Dougherty and Edward Kelly, committee on resolutions.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

A League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus has been established in St. James church.

The May devotions in St. Michael's church will be held every evening during the month at 7:30 o'clock.

The Rev. Father F. J. Barry, who was recently ordained, has been assigned to duty on the Cathedral staff.

The Rev. Father Melody, of St. Pius' church, will give a ritual next week to the men of his congregation.

The Rev. F. A. Higgins, who was formerly rector of St. Ignatius' College in this city, has been appointed president of the Jesuit College at St. Mary's, Kan.

At the Sacred Heart church last Sunday about two hundred children received their first holy communion. They will be confirmed on Pentecost Sunday.

Tuesday evening the May devotions were opened at All Saints' Church with impressive ceremonies, including a procession of the children and a sermon by the Rev. Father McGavick.

On Wednesday of last week the Rev. Fathers Moeller and Finnigan, Jesuit priests, who had been giving missions at St. James' church, left for the Pacific coast, where they will engage in a similar work for several months.

All the pastors in this archdiocese have received the following letter from his Grace Archbishop Feehan: "CHICAGO, April 24.—Rev. and Dear Sir: At a meeting of the archbishops held in Chicago on the 12th of September, 1893, it was resolved, 'That it is desirable to provide a residence for the apostolic delegate in Washington.' In order to aid in carrying out this project a collection will be made in all the churches of the archdiocese of Chicago on the first Sunday of May—May 6. Please announce the collection on the Sunday beforehand and send the amount collected to the chancellor as soon as possible."

ENGLAND'S BITTER ENEMY.

Theobald Wolfe Tone, Who Always Hated the Very Name of England.

Autobiography of the Irish Rebel Who Led a French Fleet to the Shores of Ireland.

"It is part of the tragedy of Ireland that her best and wisest sons have so often been compelled to hold aloof from great national movements, not from any lack of sympathy, still less from affection or even liking for the English party, but solely owing to their sorrowful conviction that Ireland, much as they loved her, did not contain within herself the materials out of which could be built up an honorable separate existence. The reflection must always have been a stinging one."

These significant words are from Mr. Augustine Birrell's preface to R. Barry O'Brien's "The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone." One does not wish to discuss the truth of the observation; if it be true that makes it all the more out of place in a volume devoted to the glorification of an Irish rebel. Mr. Birrell is a delightful essayist; he is a noted upholder of the Liberal party in England, and is accordingly in sympathy with the movement for home rule; but, notwithstanding all this, he is an Englishman to the core, and it is impossible that he should sympathize with the sentimental side of Irish patriotism. In accepting the fatuous invitation to write a preface to this autobiography it was only natural that Mr. Birrell should administer a slap to the broad, good-natured face of Mr. R. Barry O'Brien—

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

a slap in the face of that Irish party which believes that national aspirations should be cherished as superior to all material considerations. "The truth is," wrote Wolfe Tone, with bluntness, when in Paris in 1796, "I hate the very name of England; I hated her before my exile; I hate her since; and I will hate her always." This expresses the antagonistic racial attitude of the Irishman to the Englishman; and yet the wooly Irish editor of this book permits a supercilious English critic to speak slightingly of the cause for which Wolfe Tone died. As far as Mr. Birrell's preface is literary it is in admirable taste; Wolfe Tone is commended as "a true humorist as well as a distinguished rebel"; but this does not alter the fact that Mr. Birrell's patronizing of the Irish rebel should never have been permitted.

The present editor is also to be criticised because in his title page to this bulky work he fails to give credit to William Theobald Wolfe Tone, who published a life of his father in Washington in 1826. Tone's diaries and letters are retained in the present work, while his political writings, which are of little interest, are omitted.

The conspicuous deed of Wolfe Tone, which immortalized him and now gives vitality of interest to this "Autobiography," was his procuring the Bantry Bay expedition from France with the purpose of wresting Ireland from English rule. This was in the closing years of the last century. "No deadlier blow has been aimed at British pride since the Armada," says Mr. Birrell in that preface in which he sprinkles cold water on Irish national aspirations. "Wolfe Tone," says the Duke of Wellington, "was a most extraordinary man, and his history is the most curious history of those times. With a hundred guineas in his pocket, unknown and unrecommended, he went to Paris in order to overturn the British government in Ireland. He asked far a large force; Lord Edward Fitzgerald for a small one. They listened to Tone." For the failure of the Bantry Bay expedition Tone was not responsible. He had organized victory; an incompetent French general contrived defeat. Quoting Froude in "The English in Ireland": "The army was composed of 15,000 of the best troops which France possessed, with heavy trains of field artillery and sufficient spare muskets and powder to arm half the peasants in Ireland. The reputation of Gen. Hoche, the commander, was second only to that of Napoleon. The next officer in command was Grouchy." The ship bearing Hoche never reached the Irish coast. But Dec. 21, 1796, Grouchy, with thirty-five sail, opened Bantry Bay. "At any time during that day or the next had he ventured to act on his own responsibility he might have chosen his own point of landing, and Cork must inevitably have fallen. Then, as twenty years later, on another occasion no less critical, Grouchy was the good genius of the British Empire. He continued to cruise as he was directed, standing off and on upon that uncertain coast, until a storm arose and swept his fleet to sea." Grouchy's incapacity to grasp a great opportunity lost Ireland as it lost Waterloo.

Recalling this event Mr. Goldwin Smith has said of Tone: "Though his name is little known among Englishmen he was brave, adventurous, sanguine, fertile in resource, buoyant under misfortune, and was near being as fatal an enemy to England as Hannibal was to Rome."

Before going further into the details of his bold enterprise his career may be outlined in a few words. He was born in Dublin in 1763, was a graduate of Trinity, studied for the bar, and in the year 1790 he found himself in the exhilarating arena of Irish politics. He was warm-blooded, fond of adventure, and a rebel to the core. In a peaceful day like this he would perhaps, in lack of other excitement, devote himself to the exploration of Africa. The political movements in which he took part look petty in perspective. Suffice it to say that he tried to harmonize the jarring elements of the North and South of Ireland, and met with even more success than he could have hoped for. He helped the Catholics in their struggle for the franchise in 1793, but was naturally disgusted that they should be satisfied with the scant measure of justice they received. His objects were much more sweeping and radical. As he afterward wrote: "To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government, to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of our political evils, and to assert the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of our past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the denomination of Protestant, Catholic, and Dissenter—these were my means."

In 1794 the Rev. William Jackson, Protestant clergyman, was put on trial for high treason. The charge against him was acting as agent between the French government and the United Irish Society, which had become a rebellious organization. Jackson anticipated his sentence by taking his own life. Tone, who was in communication with Jackson, took up the dropped thread of his secret work. Tone came to America (he describes his travels in his voluminous diaries) and from here went to France. He reached Havre in January, 1796, and put himself in communication with the French government.

Dec. 16, 1796, the first expedition, consisting of forty-three sail with an army of 15,000 men under the command of Hoche and Grouchy, left Brest. Tone, who held the rank of adjutant-general in the France service, was on board the Indomptable. In the night the ships were scattered. The Fraternite, with Hoche on board, never reached Ireland. But Grouchy, with thirty-five sail, including the Indomptable, made Bantry Bay the evening of Dec. 21. Tone urged him to land. But he hesitated, standing off and on the coast until at length the elements warred for England and swept the French fleet from the Irish shore.

Never despairing, Tone did not relax his efforts. Another expedition was prepared by the Dutch Republic in union with France. But the Dutch fleet under DeWinter was destroyed by the English fleet under Duncan at Camperdown, Oct. 11, 1797. A month before the battle Hoche died; Tone had kindled in that soldier a real interest in Ireland.

Still another effort was yet to be made. The last expedition sailed from Brest. It consisted of a fleet of one sail of the line, the Hoche (seventy-four guns), eight frigates, and one schooner, all under command of Admiral Bompard, and of an army of 3,000 men under Gen. Hardy. Tone was on the admiral's ship, the Hoche. As on the previous occasion the ships were scattered on the voyage. Bompard, however, arrived at the entrance of Lough Swilly with four vessels and engaged with a British squadron which was under command of Sir John Borlase Warren. Before the engagement the French officers on the Hoche gathered around Tone and urged him to escape, as he could easily have done. "The contest is hopeless," they said. "We shall be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?" He answered: "Shall it be said that I fled when the French were fighting the battles of my country? No; I shall stand by the ship."

The French ship was surrounded, but Bompard nailed his colors to the mast. For six hours the Hoche stood the combined fire of the British ships. Her masts were dismantled, her rigging was swept away, the wounded filled the cockpit. Tone commanded a battery, fought desperately, exposing himself to every peril of the conflict. The Hoche finally struck and was towed into Lough Swilly. Tone was identified by an old college friend of his, Sir George Hill, and was at once loaded with irons and hurried to Dublin.

The prisoner said to his judges of the court-martial: "I mean not to give you the trouble of bringing judicial proof to convict me legally of having acted in hostility to the government of his Britannic Majesty in Ireland. I admit the fact. From my earliest youth I have regarded the connection between Ireland and Great Britain as the curse of the Irish nation, and felt convinced that while it lasted this country could never be free nor happy. My mind has been confirmed in this opinion by the experience of every succeeding year and the conclusions I have drawn from every fact before my eyes. In consequence I determined to apply all the powers which my individual efforts could move in order to separate the two countries."

He made but one request. He asked to be shot like a soldier. The request was refused; he was ordered to be hanged within forty-eight hours. The court-martial had no jurisdiction, as Tone held no commission under the king. A writ of habeas corpus was issued; but when the sheriff went to the prison to take the body, Tone was on his pallet dying. It seems that the evening before, while the soldiers were erecting the gallows before his window, he cut his throat with a penknife, inflicting a deep wound. To a surgeon who had closed the wound and had whispered that a movement on the part of the patient would prove fatal Tone said, making the necessary movement: "I can yet find words to thank you, sir; it is the most welcome news you can give me. What should I wish to live for?"

So perished Wolfe Tone and with him ended the Irish rebellion of 1798.

"Good-by to liberty in Ireland for another century if this chance fails!" Wolfe Tone is reported to have said when he started on the last expedition. His refusal to save his life at almost the last moment has a dash in it of the ancient Roman spirit; yet it is characteristic of Tone's entire career. Like Richard he might have cried:

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

And this is the man of whom Froude has said that his patriotism was nothing more than personal pique—that Pitt might have bribed him by giving him a "writership!" Wolfe Tone had the pride of a Lucifer. He would have gambled with a god for a universe, and would have paid his losses with an eternity of pain. He was still in the flush of youth and life had sweets for him; his young wife, to whom he was devoted, was living; and there were two babes. Apropos his wife there are many tender passages relating to her in the diaries. One takes the following extract from the journal written in France:

"Have I no selfish motives? Yes, I have. If I succeed here I feel I shall have strong claims on the gratitude of my country, and as I love her and as I think I shall be able to serve her I shall certainly hope for some honorable station as a reward for the sacrifices I have already made and the dangers I have incurred and those which I am ready to incur. If it were the case of any other person I am sure I should have the same opinion. I hope my country is my first object, at least she is my second. If there be one before her, as I rather believe there is, it is my dearest life and love, the light of my eyes and spirit of my existence. I wish more than for anything on earth to place her in a splendid situation. There is none so elevated she would not adorn and that she does not deserve, and I believe that not I only, but every one who knows her, will agree as to that. Truth is truth—she is my first object. But would I sacrifice the interests of Ireland to her elevation? No! that I would not, and if I would she would despise me, and if she were to despise me I would go hang myself like Judas."

It is the least Wolfe Tone's countrymen could do for his memory—to bring out this dignified autobiography, which in its two volumes is as large as the unabridged dictionary. Yet it will not attract many readers. It is extremely diffuse. It is not as gossipy as the reader would expect, although there are sketches, light and clever, of many famous faces of nearly a century ago—of Napoleon, of Hoche, of Thomas Paine, and of many great or quaint characters in Ireland. But the chief charm of the book for which one forgives "its limbs and outward flourishes" is the sense of stimulation it gives one at contact with a young, brave, generous spirit, loving liberty and honor above life. (The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone. 1763-1798. Edited with an introduction by R. Barry O'Brien. Two vols., 8vo. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons from T. Fisher Unwin of London.)—*E. J. M., in Chicago Tribune, April 29.*

ANCIENT ORDER.

Meeting of the County Board.

At 2 o'clock p. m., on next Sunday, May 6th, there will be a special meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, at their hall, No. 83 East Madison street, for the purpose of meeting the National officers and delegates who will then be in the city on their way to the National convention at Omaha. Officers and members of the order are earnestly requested to be present.

P. B. FLANAGAN,
County Delegate.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The coming season of comic opera at the Schiller Theatre, commencing Sunday evening, May 13, is looked forward to with the keenest anticipation by Chicago theatre goers, especially that large section of them to whom the standard comic and light operas afford an immense deal of enjoyment. For fully six years Chicago has not been treated to performances of the standard comic operas that are universal public favorites, and then it was in the palmiest days of the McCaull organization. The comic and light opera company, now especially created for the Schiller summer season, will in all essentials fully equal and in some respects entirely surpass the famous McCaull company. Manager Prior, associated with Mr. William Wolff, a noted operatic basso and character comedian, has created for this season of opeas at the Schiller Theatre a superb organization. It is strong in well known principals, and in vocally and dramatically accomplished people and will comprehend as an organization, a large chorus of really musical voices, proficiently trained, and an oochestra fully adequate to the production of the very best standard operatic works. The fact that this summer season of comic opera, commencing with the "Beggar Student." May 13, will be given at summer prices involving a considerable reduction in the prices of seats throughout the house, is another popular feature of the enterprise.

THE BATTLE OF GLENDALOUGH.

BY M. J. M'CANN.

The summer sun is shining bright o'er
Dublin's castle towers
Whose portals fast are pouring forth the
Pale's embattled powers,
And on for Wicklow hills they urge
their firm and rapid way;
And well may proud Lord Grey exult to
view their stern array,
For there was many a stately knight
whose helm was rough with gold,
And spearman grim and musketeer in
Erin's wars grown old;
And on they march to Glendalough,
'gainst daring Feach MacHugh,
Who lately with his mountain bands to
that wild glen withdrew;
And now along the dizzy heights their
prancing steeds they rein;
Full many an anxious look along those
mazy depths they strain,
But where's the embattled foe they seek,
the camp or watch-fire where?
For save the eagle screaming high, no
sign of life is there.

"Ho!" cried the haughty Deputy, "my
gallant friends we're late.
I rightly deemed, the rebel foe would
scarce our visit wait;
But hark, lead on the foot, Carew, perhaps in sooth 'twere well
That something of their flocks and herds
our soldiery could tell,
I've heard it is the traitor's wont, in
cave and swamp to hide,
When e'er they deem their strength too
weak the battle's brunt to bide;
But mark, where e'er a rebel lurks, arouse
him in his lair,
And death to him whose hand is known,
an Irish foe to spare."
When thus the vet'ran Cosby spoke: "My
lord, I've known for years
The hardihood and daring of those stalwart mountaineers,
And trust me, that our bravest would
in yonder rugged pass
But little like the greeting of an Irish
gallowglass,
For though his brawny breast be not
encased in temper'd steel
Right sheer and heavy is the stroke his
nervous arm can deal,
And too, my lord, perhaps 'twere ill,
that here you first should learn
How truly like the mountain cat is Erin's
fearless kerne."

"March!" was the sole and stern reply,
and scarce the leader spoke
When horn and trump and thund'ring
drum, a thousand echoes woke,
And then with martial tramp, the host,
all bright in shining mail,
Wound like a monstrous serpent far
along the gloomy vale.
But hark! that loud, defiant shout, the
streams and rocks among,
What thrilling voice is that which now
in stunning echoes rung;
'Tis O'Byrne's well known warrison!
and hark along the dell
With rapid and successive peal the musket's deadly knell!
As tigers in a narrowing ring the hunter's band enclose;
So rush the baffled Saxons on the ambush of their foes,
And high from every craggy screen as
'twere instinct with life,
Upspring the mountain warriors to meet
the coming strife:
And tall amid their foremost ranks, his
broadsword flashing bright,
The dreaded Feach McHugh is seen to
cheer them to the fight,
And from the fiery chieftain's lips, those
words of vengeance passed:
"Behold the bloody Sassenach! Remember Mullaghmast!

Now gallant clansmen, charge them
home; not often hand-to-hand
With these your hated Saxon foes on
terms so poised you stand;
You have not now to fear, my boys, the
spearmen's serried ranks,
No whelming squadrons here can dash,
upon your scattered flanks."
The keen and ponderous battle-axe with
deadly force is plied,
And deep the mountain spear and skian
with Saxon blood is dyed,
And many a glitt'ring corslet's piere'd
and many a helm is cleft,
And few of all that proud array for
shameful flight are left;
No time to breathe or rally them, so
hotly are they prest,
For a thousand mad'ning memories fire
each raging victor's breast:
And many a sire and brother's blood
and many a sister's wrong
Were there avenged, dark Glendalough,
thy echoing vale along.
Cosby, Audley, Moore, Carew, are not
unknown to fame,
But Irish mothers ne'er again will tremble at their name,
And long will English marchmen tell of
that eventful day,
When Erin's mountain warriors met the
martial power of Grey.

CAPT. THOMAS MURPHY, who conducted the popular refreshment parlors at Donegal Castle (Mrs. Hart's Irish Village), during the World's Fair, will open up a fine buffet at No. 79 South Clark street today (Saturday), where he will be pleased to meet all his old friends and acquaintances.

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riffi,

Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

"Maiseadh, nochtadh si gan cairde," ar Conán, "cionus bheurfaidh me fuasgailt no furtacht dibhse, no moldighim fá na Deithibh uile go leigfead a h-abhach agus a h-ionaltuar aiste, agus tabhairfidh me a feoil agus a cnamha le n-a n-ithe do mhadraibh an dúna."

"Nochtfad, go deimbin," ar an ingean, "ar atá righ an oilealn seo, .i. Oilealn Sleibhe Riffe, a n-dán elle atá a bh-fogus do'n dún so, agus slnagh agus sochruid an oilealn so cruinnuighthe aige le h-aghaidh sibhse d fheicsint do bhur n-dithcheannadh, agus is lngean do'n righ sin mise, agus is dalta do Lomnochtain me. Agus is i sdil do bhi aca, Fiauna Eirionn do mheallaidh le draoigheacht agus le diabhluigheacht agus a g-cur chum bás le feall agus le feilbheart mar sin. Agus atá corn cúmhdaigh clochbhuadhach ag an righ, as a n-ibhionn se deoch, agus ni bh-fuil atmsidghadh draoigheachda no diabhluigheachda ná fóreann se, agus le h-ol dighe as gurb é dheanfas sibhse slán. Tabhair cead dam dul mar a bh-fuil an righ, agus cuirfidh me griau agus easga, ramna mara agus tire agus talmhan a g-córuigheacht agus a slanuighacht orm féin filleadh orraibh-se aris leis an g-corn d'fhaghail dam no gan a fághail, olr ni leigthear an corn air ionchaibh dúine 'san domhan achd mise agus an righbhean amhain. Agus tá sdil agam dá n-deachainn do'n dún go bh-fághainn an corn sin le tabhairt chugaibh-se, agus ann sin ni fada furtacht no fuasgailt dibhse."

"Molaim féin," ar Goll, ar Osgur, agus ar Diarmaid, "do leigean amach."

Do cinneadh an chómhairle sin leo. Clodhtrácht, do ghluais an ingean agus ni dheárna fosa no cómhnuidhe no go d-tainic do'n dún doilbhthe, mar a raibh a h-athair, agus fáiltios an righ rómpi agus fiafruigheas di clonas do bhi an drong sin d' Fhiannaibh Eirionn d fhág si d'á h-éis. Dubhairt si go rabhadar go marbh fiorlag, agus go raibh sdi ag Lomnochtain Fionn agus an chuid eile de mhathaibh na Feinne do mhealladh air an mhódh chéadna, agus nár bh' áil leis an drong ód do mhilleadh, agus go rainic sin leis, agus dubhairt an righ nár gharraid leis téarma a shaoghail agus Goll mac Moirne, Osgur agus Diarmuid d'fhághail le n-a gárcidhm.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

An election was held in Company D on Thursday, April 26. First Lieutenant Edmund P. Burke was elected captain, and First Sergeant James Moroney first lieutenant.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the regiment as regards drill since their last appearance in public on St. Patrick's Day. The attendance at drills has increased 25 per cent; this is in a great measure due to the fact that the officers have decided to discharge dishonorably everyone not attending drill regulary once each week. They are determined to have the best regiment in the State or none at all.

The Drum and Bugle Corps has not its full complement of men yet. There are still a few vacancies for some good men. Anyone wishing to join can get full information by calling at headquarters, No. 23 Lake street, any day or evening. There is no expense incurred in joining either the Drum and Bugle Corps or the regiment.

The annual picnic of the Seventh takes place at Ogden's Grove on Wednesday, July 4.

The Second Battalion, consisting of Companies A, B, D and F, commanded by Major G. Carroll, drills on the first Thursday of each month.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

T. Shea, Tailor.
298 W. Harrison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Something Interetisng to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

J. J. O'DONOHUE,
Dealer in
Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilisk.
1552 N. HALSTED-ST., CHICAGO.

TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	30c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?
SEXTON THE TEA MAN
20-22 STATE STREET.
Branches { 1461 CHICAGO AV. / 1250 BLUE ISLAND AV.

JAMES MAHER,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
79 Clark Street,
ROOM 11, CHICAGO.

COUPON
PANORAMA OF THE WORLD'S FAIR.
IN FOUR PARTS.

Each part containing 55 magnificent Photographic Views of the World's Fair.
Mail or bring one coupon and 10 cents to THE CITIZEN office and Part One, Two, Three or Four will be delivered to you.
See advertisement on Sixth Page.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove; eagths, $6. per cord delivered
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

M. V. GANNON. M. J. AGNEW. C. L. AMBERG.
GANNON, AGNEW & AMBERG,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
SUITE 1411 ASHLAND BLOCK,
COR. CLARK & RANDOLPH STS.
CHICAGO, ILL.

DELANEY & MURPHY,
WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALERS.
10 & 12 Wabash Av,
CHICAGO.

Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines a Specialty.

JAMES BURNS
ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.
Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.
Room 64. 95 Washington St.

SHOURDS & KASPER,
STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.
Dealers in Diamonds,
AMERICAN WATCHES
AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.
Established 1860. Open Evening.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOMS 910-912 SCHILLER BUILDING, 109 RANDOLPH-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET DUNNE AND JOHN J. Dunne, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Dunne or John J. Dunne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 25, 1894.
MARY HAGERTY,
Executrix De bonis non, etc.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOMS 910-912 SCHILLER BUILDING, 109 RANDOLPH-ST.

ESTATE OF CORNELIA NORRIS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Cornelia Norris, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 25, 1894.
FRANK W. NORRIS, Administrator.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF MARY HOGAN QUINN, ALIAS Mary Hogan, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Hogan Quinn, alias Mary Hogan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 24, 1894.
ANNA FEED QUINLAN,
Administratrix.
Sullivan & Healy, Solicitors for Estate.

ELECTRIC TELEPHONE
Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, office, store and office. Greatest convenience and saver of money.
Agents make from $3 to $30 per day.
One ... means a sale to all the ... Complete, ready for use when ... Can be put up by any one. ... no repairing, lasts a life time. ... A money maker. Write ...
W. P. Harrison & Co., Clers 10, Columbus, O.

A WRITER.

He had no l[illegible] the world.
Albert [illegible] ed.
Shou[illegible] things.
He [illegible] of has wings,"
But [illegible] thought.
He [illegible] ood feet
Indi[illegible] reet.
He [illegible] 's soul
To [illegible] hole.
He never h[illegible] rld's cry
All wa[illegible] of sky.
Nor ever [illegible] strife
The [illegible]
But the[illegible] rs men
Had [illegible] ion."
And [illegible] inly went,
Friends [illegible]
Or [illegible] arse
Sarcas[illegible] orse.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

MISS O'SHEA.

It was just on the stroke of 9. The lower balcony of the casino was crowded, and even on the broad stretch of stone pavement the chairs were so close that the passerby had to pick his way, politely mindful of women's trains and men's feet. Outside the sea wall the ocean lay long and level, part of it paled by moonlight, and here and there on its darker expanse specked with the small, steady lights of anchored yachts. The scene was picturesque—a black arch spanning a moonlit roadway, a gate tower, dark against the sky, with a round, bright moon shining over its shoulder, a glimmering of white waves seething about broken rocks. From the corner of the balcony where the musicians sat floated the strains of Wolfram's "Song to the Evening Star," with its undertone of ineffable, piercing sadness.

It was just at this propitious moment that the crowd at the far end of the balcony became aware that the crowd at the end near the main entrance were enjoying a sensation. There was a rustle of crushed silk as the women moved in their chairs, a universal turning of heads, a raising of girls' lorgnettes, an adjusting of men's glasses, a murmurous intermingling of queries and then a running fire of comment, not too carefully suppressed: "Well, did you ever! Who are they, for pity sake? Has she ever been here before? Where are they from? Did you say it was an actress?" And all the heads slowly revolved on the craned necks as all the eyes turned to follow three new arrivals walking down the balcony.

Miss Esperanza O'Shea had often been stared at, but never to this extent. As a Californian, a beauty and an heiress, she had known what it was to be looked upon with curiosity, admiration and envy. But she had never before left her native state; hence she had never been subjected to the broad, bold, unwinking stare of the cultured east. Nevertheless she bore it with the impassive aplomb of one born and bred in its fierce, bright glare, and as the head of the family walked slowly down the long veranda, the little cortege trotting at her heels as it had done, figuratively speaking, ever since she had been old enough to walk at all.

Miss O'Shea invariably led her family in all things. She had done so since her tenderest years. Her papa, a big, florid, grizzled man, in a high gray hat and a loosely hanging gray suit, always obeyed Esperanza. As to her mamma, she was a Mexican, and though she had lived for 20 years under the shadow of our hospitable flag she had never been able to master the intricacies of our complicated language and could therefore hardly be expected to guide the steps of her extremely self confident daughter.

Close upon the musicians Miss O'Shea paused, her darkly circled eyes falling upon three vacant chairs. She indicated them with the gesture of one used to command, and her obedient parents silently seated themselves. Mr. O'Shea took off his hat, ran a fat, short fingered hand through his grizzled hair and respired the sea air, then turned his eyes inward and made no sound. Mrs. O'Shea, whom the lights revealed to be a dark, fat, waistless, formless lady, with ink black hair and a mustache, the possession of which would have made the heart of a sophomore sing, indulged in soft Spanish mutterings and went to sleep with the promptitude of one who knows what is expected of a well trained Spanish mother. Miss O'Shea alone remained alert and watchful and gave the crowd stare for stare.

It was not surprising that a crowd should stare at this brilliant young lady. She was made up with an open and unblushing frankness that bespoke ignorance of the popular prejudice against this form of decoration. Rice powder was thick on the bridge of her nose. There was pink on her cheeks and red on her lips. Her hair, curled down to her eyebrows, was bleached a bright bronze red. She was tall and well formed, with square, broad shoulders and a tiny waist. Her foot, peeping from the hem of her skirt in a white kid slipper worked with gold, was by no means small. Neither were her hands, but they were white as milk, beautifully shaped and covered with superb rings. As for her dress, it was an indescribably gorgeous creation of white and gold, with a bodice of dead white suede braided from neck to waist line in gold arabesques. But neither paint, powder nor bad dressing could hide that she was handsome and young.

"Where on earth has she come from?" breathed the crowd, with the wide eyes of lively amazement.

Had this query been put directly to Miss O'Shea she would have answered with unruffled good humor that she had come straight from California for the purpose of "having a good time." Her father, too, had thought that she ought to have a good time, she would have continued with the charming frankness of 18, not a New York or Boston or even a Chicago 18, but a California 18, an 18 that had gleaned its experience of men and manners from life on a ranch near Merced, varied during the last two years by winters in the town house in Sacramento.

After a serious perusal of the papers Esperanza O'Shea had come to the conclusion that Narragansett Pier was the best place to go in pursuit of the vaguely specified good time. Moreover, it appeared to be a place where a dazzling wardrobe would meet with an intelligent appreciation. At breakfast one morning Esperanza announced her intention of spending the summer there.

"All right, Espy," said Mr. O'Shea. "I'll telegraph for rooms today."

"Si, si," murmured the Senora O'Shea, raising the heavy lids that once shaded the finest eyes in Mexico, and casting a sleepy glance at her daughter. "Yez, certainly, of cose," and then once more she relapsed into smiling somnolence.

The wardrobe did its work at Narragansett Pier, if its work was to make its wearer stared at, talked about and grudgingly admired. It was certainly a remarkable one. In a place of remarkable wardrobes it made its mark, had its own niche with the other wardrobes and its share in the day's talk. Miss O'Shea wore it with an impassive front and greatly enjoyed the sensation it created. As a wardrobe to be stared at it was a brilliant success. On its own ground none of the other wardrobes could compare with it. Arrayed in one of its masterpieces, no one was as conspicuous, no one as gorgeous; no one, truth to tell, despite the powder and the paint, was as handsome as Esperanza O'Shea.

But there is admiration and admiration. The unsophisticated Esperanza had not grasped this fact. That the glances and stares of one of the most ill bred crowds in the country were not all admiring did not penetrate her simple mind for some time. That people were slow in extending the right hand of fellowship to her she did feel with a slowly dawning, hurt surprise. It never occurred to her that any one could possibly object to making the acquaintance of a young lady because she had red gold hair when nature meant her to have dark brown, or plastered her lips with a crimson glue for all the world to see.

But eastern people were not very friendly. She announced this with the customary candor of the Californian to a lady who sat next her at table. The lady said, "No; they are not expansive," and then smiled and drifted out of the dining room, and afterward proved to be one of the least expansive of the people toward whom Esperanza made friendly overtures.

Yes, they were very stiff. She sat in the casino every evening with her papa and her mamma, and nobody came to talk to her. Up in the tower, with its stone supports black against the horizon, the red electric lights showed friendly, cheerful, merry people sitting in groups and sometimes sipping cool drinks at the little round tables. Their laughter floated down and mingled with the faint washing of the waves on the rocks. They undoubtedly were having a good time. So were the people on the balcony and the paved terrace, drawn together in little gay, chattering parties, from which the breeze bore scraps of sentences and the light, high laughter of women. Esperanza envied them with the pent up intensity of her 18 years. Silent, between her silent parents, she looked at the gay groups around her with her eyes full of a childish and pathetically candid envy.

"Don't seem to me, Espy," said her father suddenly, "as if you were having such a rattling good time."

"Well, not exactly, popper," she said, heaving up a great sigh from the bottom of her pensively covetous heart, "but maybe I'll get there later."

The next evening the O'Shea party resolved to try a change and ascended to the tower. It was even gayer than usual. Groups sat about at the round tables, sipping chilled liquids in tall tumblers, in which two blackberries, a raspberry and a slice of lemon lay on the top of the cracked ice. A long steam yacht, which had run into port a few hours before, was now only vaguely distinguishable, but its lights pierced the darkness, moving with the moving swells. Its blue coated, white trousered yachtsmen roamed the casino, occasionally stopping to greet friends.

At 10 o'clock the silent O'Sheas picked up their wraps and departed for their hotel, which was close by the casino. But as they emerged from that building Esperanza, who had been struggling with her long cloak of white silk, discovered that she had carried away the cape of the lady who had sat next her. She remembered having seen it on the chair beside her and recollected throwing her own cloak over it. Calling to her parents to go on, that she had forgotten something and would join them directly, she hurried back to the tower. But the lady and her friends had already gone.

Not finding its owner, Esperanza gave the cape to one of the waiters loitering about, then slowly retraced her steps toward the corridor. There were only a few people now left in the tower and the gallery, and these were mostly couples who had tucked themselves away in corners and were enjoying murmured conversation. Miss O'Shea, smiling to herself, looked over the road to see if she could catch a glimpse of her parents, then trailed her long skirts of pale blue brocade along the passage to the stair head.

As she reached this, a quick step on the veranda outside announced the approach of a man. Miss O'Shea dreamily speculated that he must have seen her as she walked down the gallery. With her fingers extended for the balustrade, she turned and saw him enter, then pause and look at her. He was a tall, handsome man, in the dark blue coat, white duck trousers and blue peaked cap of a yachtsman. He wore eyeglasses and looked somewhere in the vicinity of 30. His face, as he stood there looking at her, left upon her memory a lasting impression.

Then, as she extended her foot for the first step, he took off his hat and said, smiling:

"How do you do? Isn't it a lovely evening?"

She was startled and made vaguely uncomfortable by this unexpected address. Looking at him in frank astonishment, she murmured a hesitating, "Yes, lovely," and was about to continue her descent when he drew a step closer and said:

"Don't go back yet. Let's go into the tower and have an absinthe frappe."

Miss O'Shea stopped on the step and made no further attempt to descend. The words themselves made little impression on her. She had seen men and women this very evening sitting in the tower drinking absinthe frappe, crem de menthe and cobblers. In the manner of the man lay the sting. Even Miss O'Shea, with her limited range of experience and her beautiful belief in mankind's invariably chivalrous intention, felt it.

And then she forgot the little, the very little, training she had ever received, forgot what Dr. Watts tells us of our hands not being made for the purpose of tearing out each other's eyes, forgot that the only weapon society allows a lady is her tongue, forgot indeed what society says a lady is and what it maintains she should always be, and a great wave of fury swept over her. The fiery blood of Indian and Spaniard rushed into her face, the fierce spirit of her Castilian forefathers, who had conquered a world with Cortez, burst once more into life. With the closed fan in her hand she struck the smiling face a stinging blow. The fan sticks snapped; the bronzed skin beneath them crimsoned. Smothering a furious ejaculation, the man threw a hand up over his cheek and eye, and Miss O'Shea, panting and darkly flushed, swept down the stairs.

Then, as she hurriedly descended, he, smarting with pain, his anger surging, hurled himself on the balustrade and looked over at her. All he saw was the top of her red gold head, the wavering pulse of diamonds that trembled through her hair, the long sweep of her pale blue, trailing dress, the ivory nape of her neck where the pearl necklace fastened with a sapphire clasp. The next moment she had passed out of sight, and he heard her rapid, decisive step on the balcony below.

He turned back, intending to watch her from the veranda, but in the doorway met a friend who accosted him with a jocular:

"Hullo, Beverwyk, what have you been running into?"

"Oh, I turned suddenly to look at that woman just go down the stairs and ran into that door. Thought both doors were open—hurts like the devil," returned the other glibly.

And arm in arm they passed down the veranda, murmuring together and laughing.

When Miss O'Shea got back to her hotel, her breath had regained its usual evenness, her color had gone down, but her eyes were brilliant under their lowered lids. Her father sat in the darkened sitting room in his shirt sleeves, with his high hat on—his habitual costume when at ease in the house. When she came in, tossed her cloak on a chair and stood silently pulling off her gloves, he regarded her for a moment or two, then said, as if the idea had just struck him:

"Where've you been all this time?"

"Oh, I just went back to return that lady's cape. I gave it to a waiter. It was all right." She tore off her gloves and stretched and bent her plump fingers, turning round her rings.

"Look here, pop," she said, twisting the "marquise" on her little finger back into place, "I guess we'd better leave this place."

"Well, I guess so, too," said the old man mildly. "Guess you don't like it much, Espy?"

"I don't belong here," she said, with a sort of rough shyness. "I'm different."

The old man extended his hand and drew her up to him.

"You'll do," he said, fondly patting the velvety hand.

"Maybe I will for you," she answered, with the same air of dogged embarrassment, "but I'm too different. It's not comfortable."

Whether Mr. O'Shea understood or not, he queried no further. He patted the smooth hand in silence. Then he said:

"Well, what do you want to do?"

"I want to go to Europe for a long time—a year. I want to know things. I don't want to be so different."

"Well, now, Espy," said the old man deprecatingly. Then, as two soft arms went round his neck, he added, "But you can go if you want."

Two weeks later the O'Shea family sailed from New York on the Umbria.

Once arrived in the effete monarchies, Miss Esperanza O'Shea went seriously, if a little blindly, to work to reconstruct herself. She went to a school in Paris and staid there all winter, studying hard. Her companions showed no surprise at her presence. They had heard that she was an American from California, which in the effete monarchies explains many things. In their refining society Miss O'Shea was gradually restored to her original self. Her red gold locks went through as many changes of hue as the dying dolphin, but at length arrived safely on the homeward path to the deep dark brown of nature. She put away all the little pots of red and white that had made her dressing table look like that of an old belle who dies hard. A very demure phenix began to rise from the ashes of the once gorgeous Esperanza O'Shea.

With the native shrewdness of the women of the west, who make their own positions and fight their own fortunes, she was quick to see and to adopt the style and manners of the young girls about her. By the spring the elaborate beauty who had created a sensation at the Narragansett casino had passed from phase to phase of a subduing process, and compared to her old self was as a wren to a peacock. Instead of looking like a woman of 30, she now looked like what she was—a girl of 20—a tall, ivory pale, velvet eyed girl, with a thick coil of silkoth, uncurled dark hair, and a stately carriage, such as romance writers are fond of ascribing to princesses. The Parisians thought her very foreign and picturesque. She looked like Dona Sol or Elvira. All she wanted was the dusky droop of the mantilla shadowing the warm pallor of her cheeks, a black curl on her temple, a red rose in her hair.

The elaborating process did not finish at Paris. Miss O'Shea took her family and a governess traveling. They did Europe, with courtiers and libraries of books of travel, and a governess who in some embarrassment called herself "a companion." They studied art in Italy and music in Germany. The governess was almost worked to death, but the pupil, insatiable in her desire to be as ornate as the young person of any place or any country, would permit no respite. They met a good many people too. Miss O'Shea began to be spoken of as the great beauty and heiress of the American colonies of different capitals. French noblemen whom she had never seen wrote to her offering to her their hearts, hands and coronets. English noblemen followed her about, meditating proposals, but German noblemen generally proposed to her on the first meeting. Before her return to New York, after a three years' absence, her coming was heralded with a flourish of newspaper trumpets that crowded into small type in an obscure corner the arrival of Herr Glumberg, the most eminent of German anthropologists, who crossed on the same steamer.

As the immortal begum would say, the O'Sheas were "took up" in New York. Our patriotic metropolis is always glad to know any one who has met the approval of the effete monarchies. It had heard of the foreign noblemen, and it immediately proceeded to light its taper before the same shrine. Miss O'Shea was pronounced a very wonderful young woman, perfect in her style, distingue, singularly simple, sweet and fine and true. Such a dazzling creature had never before come out of the west. She knew everything, spoke half a dozen languages, played four musical instruments. Rumor wasn't sure that she didn't play two at the same time. Her parents came in for a little of the general approbation. Society characterized Mrs. O'Shea as a most cultivated woman, and when she fell asleep before its eyes said that "her manner was marked by a truly southern repose."

But the crown of the O'Shea's glory was reached when it became evident that Beverwyk Van Duyvil had succumbed to the charms of the beautiful Esperanza. To understand what this really meant, one ought to know that Beverwyk Van Duyvil was the last of the Van Duyvils, that illustrious family which, tradition says, was one of the few families that before settling in New Amsterdam enjoyed distinction in the mother country. The Van Duyvils had never been butchers or bakers or even shoemakers. There was therefore nothing left for them to be but gentlemen of leisure or governors.

The last representative of this honorable line was very rich, very much of a person, not a german leader or a ball organizer, but a man of parts and positions. He had never so far forgotten the glory of the Van Duyvils as to pay his addresses to the scion of any but first families in Boston and Philadelphia. New York women did not meet with his approbation. And now he sighed at a pair of Californian feet that had once run bare and brown on the dusty byroads about Merced.

Even old O'Shea was flattered in his pride. His sturdy, democratic heart could not subdue a throb of vanity when he thought that the sole survivor of the house of O'Shea—recently discovered to be descended from the kings of Waterford—should mate with the last representative of the house of Van Duyvil. The only person who remained haughtily indifferent was the young lady herself. She was distant and cold to her suitor, rarely spoke of him, made excuses not to see him, was out when he called. It would not have been strange if Beverwyk Van Duyvil had felt discouraged by the attitude of his lady fair. But to be a Van Duyvil means more things than to be merely great and illustrious. It means to possess a self confidence that earthquakes cannot shake. That the young lady was cold and unresponsive proved to Beverwyk Van Duyvil that she was a trifle more original than the scions of the first families whom he had heretofore honored with his regard. It was meet that a future Van Duyvil should hold herself high.

When he finally asked her to marry him, this most difficult task was accomplished with truly graceful tact and admirable aplomb. Beverwyk Van Duyvil proposed, as he did everything else, with perfectly finished grace. It must be admitted that of the two the descendant of the lordly Dutchman was much more self possessed and agreeable than the descendant of the Milesian kings. Miss Esperanza O'Shea received the flattering offer in ungracious and frowning silence, which may be peculiar to kings, but is not accounted charming in beautiful young Californians. Then, as Van Duyvil attempted to take her hand and press it gently between his own, she abruptly withdrew the member, and fixing on him a pair of darkly angry eyes said, "I will send you your answer tomorrow." And without waiting for him to reply she rose and walked away, not looking back, leaving him to follow with his eyes her graceful figure as she passed down the long rooms and to sit silent, absently drawing his gloves through his hand in pleasing meditations.

The next afternoon, when Beverwyk arrived from down town in his apartments, he found a package awaiting him. It was long and narrow, wrapped in paper and directed in the small, round hand of Miss O'Shea. He opened it, puzzled. From the unrolled paper dropped a fan of pale blue, painted gauze, with four of its sticks snapped in two. Round the broken sticks was twisted a piece of paper on which was written:

For the second time Mr. Van Duyvil has made a mistake. ESPERANZA O'SHEA.

—Geraldine Bowner in New York Tribune.

USED UP OLD PLUGS.

HOW A BELVIDERE CONCERN DISPOSES OF WORNOUT HORSES.

A "Mecca" For Superannuated Equines Where the Animals Are Killed and Reduced to Fertilizing Powder—Cattle Also Used, but Cows Are Left For Beefsteak.

They have at Belvidere a place that is facetiously alluded to as the "Mecca" of superannuated horses. It is so called because when wornout plugs have exceeded their days of usefulness in that vicinity and elsewhere they generally reach there to give up the last pound of bone and flesh in the interests of mankind. It is almost madness to calculate the value of a horse at the ridiculously low price of $2 when it is considered that blooded thoroughbreds rate up in the thousands, but when the average horse degenerates from a spirited animal of strength and speed to an old jade that can neither trot nor work unappreciative man, as a rule, has no further use for it. But the Belvidere "Mecca" is the place where all the earthly troubles of old and friendless horses are quickly brought to an end and their carcasses afterward transformed into a variety of articles of utility much more valuable than the animals intact.

The concern that deals in old horses is in the business of producing fertilizer, and the more horses available the better it is for trade, for this is an industry that has always prospered despite hard times and business depression. The concern stands ready to purchase all the horses that can be procured. The price paid is $1.50 and $2 per head. They are worth nothing to the owners, and when it is considered that about 500 pounds of fertilizer is procurable from each animal it can easily be seen that a good margin of profit is made. If the supply holds out, they kill on an average three horses a day all the year round at these works, and as the business is of long standing it is estimated that enough horses have been disposed of to supply a large standing army. The ages of these infirm brutes range from 15 to 25 years, and their condition depends largely upon the life they have led. Many of the animals look as though they hadn't seen oats since they were colts, and others are spavined, sprung at the knees and blind.

The manner of disposing of the animals is this: When led from the pen, the horse is tied to a post and the "black cap" placed over its head. The executioner then strikes it a blow across the forehead with an ax, and the animal falls helpless to the floor. Its throat is then cut, and life vanishes. This done, the process of dissection and separation begins. The hide is first removed and the carcass boiled, if it contains any fat. The grease is carefully gathered together by skimming and is designated as "horse oil." The lower bones of the limbs are boiled, and the fat extracted from them is called neatsfoot oil. When the flesh of the carcass has been thoroughly boiled and the grease skimmed off the surface of the vat, it is thrown into the cellar and allowed to remain there for over three months, all the while being subjected to the influence of potash and gypsum, which is mixed with it, and which rots it.

At present the remains of fully 200 horses are undergoing the fertilizing process. The bones pass through two crushers, the first of which reduces them, and the second grinds them into powder. Several chemical ingredients are then mixed with the bone dust. This preparation is what is commonly known as bone fertilizer and is probably the best artificial commodity used in agriculture. The horse hides are disposed of to leather manufacturers and bring more than was originally paid for the entire animal.

But not horses alone are used in the production of fertilizer. A great many cattle go that way, too, and, as for bones, those of any animal are valuable. The concern at Belvidere does not draw the line on live animals. Dead ones will do, provided they are not too "old." It is a strange coincidence that but very few cows are disposed of in this way, and that may explain where much of the tough beef comes from. The carcasses of cattle go through precisely the same process as those of horses, but their horns, being too hard, cannot be crushed, and in consequence are disposed of to dealers, who convert them into buttons and combs.

Several qualities of fertilizer are produced from animals, it all depending upon the amount and quality of the ingredients used. Various vegetables and cereals require fertilizer of a certain strength, and while a certain quality will produce good results on one kind of vegetables it will destroy another. The price per ton ranges all the way from $20 to $35.

The product of this one plant is disposed of direct to the farmers, and about 1,000 tons are sent out annually. The works are capable of turning out three tons per day. The present executioner of horses has been identified with the works ever since they were established, about 14 years ago, and during that time it is estimated that he has put to death 3,000 animals.—New York World.

Her Message.

A young lady organist in a church was captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street and was delighted to hear one week that by exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This day the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read, "Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop—Miss Allen."—Montreal Star.

ODDITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

Curious Customs of Some Foreign People as They Appear to Us.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway.

To enter a reading room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. Never touch the person. It is sacred, is one of their proverbs.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or a restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady, even his wife, his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left and not the right is considered the position of honor.

No Turk will enter a sitting room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight fitting shoes, with goloshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.—Philadelphia Press.

Florida's Topography.

There is no state like Florida for contradictory impressions. You can find what you like or what you dislike. It is according to who you are and where you go. If you enter the state at Jacksonville, it is low, level, monotonous, an interminable stretch of piny flatwoods, enlivened only by a few scattering cattle or an occasional razor backed and big headed swine, and traversed by struggling, sandy roads that lead from nowhere to nowhere, unless it be to some sawmill, or lonesome cabin, or weather browned hamlet, in which the listless and contented negro appears to lead the population. If you enter the state at Tallahassee, there opens a lovely expanse of rolling hills and fertile valleys, vineyards, pear orchards, corn and cotton fields, threaded by fine smooth roads packed hard with red clay alluvial. Entering it from the sea at Mosquito or Jupiter inlet, it is a continuous stretch of lovely inland waters called rivers, but more properly lagoons, fed by tide water, and affording scenery of the most charming variety and picturesqueness, as unlike the flatwoods as it is different from the hill country.

If one enters it at Punta Gorda or Tampa, he will follow the elevated backbone of the interior through a region of countless lakes, skirted by thriving towns like Orlando, Winter Park, Sanford, De Land, Ocala, Gainesville, Leesburg, and resembling neither hill country nor the coast.—Springfield Republican.

Saved His Dignity.

One of the chief men in the early history of Weston, Mass., was Francis Fullam, commonly known as Squire Fullam. He was justice of the peace and one of the pillars of the church, and on Sundays always sat with his eyes fixed upon the minister, as if conscious of being a worthy example to the rest of the congregation. One Sabbath morning, during Parson Woodward's sermon, an old colored woman in the gallery fell asleep and tumbled off the bench to the floor, making a loud noise. Squire Fullam, who was rather deaf, knew that something unusual had occurred, and feeling the dignity of his position as justice of the peace he rose to his feet and called out:

"Stop, reverend sir!"

Mr. Woodward ceased speaking, and the old squire said in stentorian tones:

"If any one has discharged a gun in this meeting house, let him be brought before me tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock."

Some one explained to him the cause of the disturbance, and he added:

"If what I thought had happened, what I said was right. Proceed, reverend sir."

Thereupon Mr. Woodward resumed his discourse, and the service proceeded as usual.—Youth's Companion.

A Famous Old Clock.

The grand lodge of Masons in New York possesses a very interesting relic in the shape of a grandfather's clock that struck the hours for Yorktown lodge in the troubled days when George Washington, Lafayette and other officers of the continental army used to visit it and attend its sessions. The lodge ceased to exist in 1812, and the old clock was probably sold with the rest of the furniture. It was unearthed in a Baltimore pawnshop by Dr. A. B. Lyman of Lyman, Md. The doctor had his attention attracted by the figuring on the dial, which showed it to be a Masonic clock. He traced back its history and established beoynd doubt that it was made for the Yorktown lodge in 1781 by John Fisher, whose name and home town are engraved on the dial.

The clock has been placed in the east end of the library at the Masonic temple. It is an eight day clock, in a mahogany case and stands about 8 feet high. On the brass dial are engraved the Masonic square and compass, the columns and the mosaic pavement, with the name, "John Fisher, Yorktown." It shows the day of the month and the phases of the moon correctly.—Jewelers' Circular.

A PECULIAR BREED OF CATS.

They Are Wild, Are Minus Tails and Have Very Long Hind Legs.

In the swamps and woods that cover the southern end of Barnegat beach in South Jersey a breed of cats peculiar to Jersey alone exist. They are not only tailless, but their hind legs are longer than their front ones, giving them the appearance of rabbits. This curious species of felines has been resident on the island for many years. Over half a century ago an English bark came ashore on Barnegat's shoals, and among the things that managed to reach the beach were a number of Manx cats. These animals are found only on the isle of Man and are without tails. For a little while the cats remained around the Barnegat lighthouse, but the keeper, becoming tired of their pilferings and inharmonious concerts at night, drove them away.

They took to the dense woods and thickets, where they soon multiplied very rapidly. During the winter months the swamps are visited by thousands of birds in search of food, and the tailless cats manage to live very nicely.

Efforts to tame the felines have met with some success, and the cats make nice pets. During several winters, when the intense cold kept the birds away from Barnegat, the cats depended on the surf clams for food. The clams were thrown on shore by the waves, and becoming frozen opened their shells, making it an easy matter for the animals to secure the contents.

Years of life in the woods have made them both wild and savage, and they could make a formidable stand against any one who hunts them. These strange animals have become expert as fishers, and often in warm weather, when the surf is full of fish, go into the shallow water and as a wave recedes, leaving the fish floundering in a few inches of water, fasten their claws in its sides and drag it beyond the reach of the incoming waves. The animals present a curious appearance, as they jump about much as a kangaroo does. They are expert climbers and have been known to raise their young in hollow trees far above the ground.

Several years ago a strange disease attacked and killed many of the animals, but they soon increased to their former numbers again. In color the tailless cats resemble our domestic tiger feline, but in size they are much smaller. Their fur is much coarser and longer than that found on our own tabby cats.—Newark Journal.

A Peppery Queen Gertrude.

On a recent Shakespearean tour a new heavy lady joined us at Manchester, her opening part being the queen in "Hamlet."

This actress, having been disengaged for some time to preserve her wardrobe from moth, had smothered it in black pepper. Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect upon all on the stage.

The king, after a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty a-tish-oo that made the stage vibrate. All the royal courtiers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetically. Hamlet came on with his most sublime tragedy air, but after a convulsive movement of his princely features buried them in his somber robe, while sneeze after sneeze was all the pulpit heard from him.

I was playing Ophelia, and what with a wild desire to laugh and then to sneeze and then to cry jumbled the lot up in a violent fit of hysterics. Amid the hubbub on the stage and the shrieks of delight from the audience the stage manager sneezingly rang down the curtain.—London Answers.

Diffuse and Shallow Culture.

The necessity of knowing a little about a great many things is the most grievous burden of our day. It deprives us of leisure on the one hand and of scholarship on the other. The notion is gradually gaining ground that common school education is as good as college education; that extension lectures and summer classes are acceptable substitutes for continuous study and mental discipline; that reading translations of the classics is better, because easier, than reading the classics themselves, and that attending a "congress" of specialists gives us, in some mysterious fashion, a very respectable knowledge of their specialities. It is after this manner that we enjoy in all its varied aspects that energetic idleness which Mr. Bagehot recommends as a deliberate sedative to our restless self esteem. As Dr. Johnson discontentedly observed of the education of the Scotch, this is like bread in a besieged town. "Every man gets a little, but no man gets a full meal."—Agnes Repplier in Forum.

As to the Sex of Rabbits.

Does the common hare or rabbit change its sex with the season? I know that this seems like asking a very foolish question, but if you will investigate the matter you will find that there is something in it after all. Lyly, the English dramatist, in his "Midas," says, "Hares we cannot be, because they are male one year and female the next." Topsell's "History of Four Footed Beasts" bears out a similar idea, and most of the ancient writers on natural history give us to understand that hares are bisexual. I have often heard old hunters claim that no one ever saw a male hare in summer or a female in winter.—St. Louis Republic.

One Ear Hears First.

Late studies in acoustics have been in the direction of determining the functions of the two ears in locating the direction of a sound. The conclusions deducted from these studies are: First, we are able to judge of the direction from which a sound comes because it reaches one of the ears before it does the other, and, second, that the other ear enables us to determine the direction in which the intensity of the sound perceived is a maximum without turning the head.—Exchange.

DARK AND COLD AS ZERO.

An Experiment Showing the Vast Pressure In the Ocean's Lowest Depths.

The peculiar physical conditions of the deep seas may be briefly stated to be these: It is absolutely dark, so far as actual sunlight is concerned; the temperature is only a few degrees above freezing point, the pressure is enormous, there is little or no movement of the water, the bottom is composed of a uniform, fine, soft mud, and there is no plant life. All of these physical conditions one can appreciate, except the enormous pressure. At a depth of 2,500 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, 2½ tons per square inch—that is to say, the pressure per square inch upon the body of every animal that lives at the bottom of the Atlantic ocean is about 25 times greater than the pressure that will drive a railway train.

Professor Moseley describes an interesting experiment in point made during the voyage of the Challenger. Mr. Buchanan hermetically sealed at both ends a thick glass tube full of air and several inches in length. He wrapped it in flannel and placed it in a wide copper tube, one of those used to protect the deep sea thermometers when sent down with the sounding apparatus. This copper tube was closed by a lid fitting loosely and with holes in the bottom of it, and the copper bottom of the tube similarly had holes bored through it. The water thus had free access to the interior of the tube when it was lowered into the sea, and the tube was necessarily constructed with that object in view, so that in its ordinary use the water should freely reach the contained thermometer.

The copper case containing the sealed glass tube was sent down to a depth of 2,000 fathoms and drawn up again. It was then found that the copper wall of the case was bulged and bent inward opposite the place where the glass tube lay, just as if it had been crumpled inward by being violently squeezed. The glass tube itself, within its flannel wrapper, was found when withdrawn reduced to a fine powder, like snow almost.

What had happened was that the sealed glass tube, sinking to gradually increasing depths, had held out long against the pressure, but this at last had become too great for the glass to sustain, and the tube had suddenly given way. So violent had been the collapse that the water had not had time to rush in at the perforations, but instead had crushed in the copper wall and brought equilibrium in that manner, and this process is exactly the reverse of an explosion and is termed by Sir Wyville Thompson an "implosion."—Philadelphia Press.

Strange Names of Towns.

The maps of the United States show that the first settlers of many of the towns and cities must have been at a loss for names. Everybody has heard of Red Dog and You Bet in California, and Yuba Dam has been accorded a line in history, but when it comes to Dog Tooth of Illinois, Flea Hill of North Carolina and Fly Mountain of Ulster county, N. Y., their existence would never be imagined unless noticed on a map or in a gazetteer. But there are many other places with names just as striking—Bobtown, Pa.; Bug Hill, N. C.; Chewtown, Pa.; Cut Shin, Ky., and Fiddletown, Cal., for instance. Or if these are not sufficient there are Fussville, Wis.; Daddy's Creek, Tenn.; Calfkiller, in the same state, and Big Foot, in Indiana.

Ohio has a Belle Center, Iowa a Calliope, Indiana a Lilly Dale, West Virginia a Little Wild Cat, Maryland a Maiden's Choice, South Dakota a Minnehaha, Wyoming a Miser, Pennsylvania a Nazareth and Illinois a Prettyman. There are others, such as Young Blood, Ills.; Young Womanstown, Pa.; Whisky Town, Cal.; Ty Ty, Ga.; Big Neck, Ills., and Black Jack flourishes in Mississippi, Kansas, Arkansas and Tennessee. To reach Bliss one has to go to Wyoming county, N. Y., and the only state that has a Bird In Hand is Pennsylvania.—New York Herald.

The Reconciliation of Enemies.

Our observation of the reconciliation of persons who have once been enemies leads us to regard such a thing as usually nominal and superficial, rather than real and heartfelt. People who have quarreled before they were ever acquainted may learn that they had been mutually mistaken and may come to like each other very much. So also slight misunderstandings between friends may be healed and forgotten. But when old acquaintances seriously fall out, while they each forego all opportunity and desire for revenge, we doubt whether the warmth of the first affection is often, if ever, entirely renewed. The scars of the deep wounds remain. It is easier to keep the confidence of a hundred men than to regain that of one man who has once become estranged.—New York Ledger.

Great Word.

The celebrated German word which signifies "Mutual Life and Fire Insurance company" and which has been cited as the longest word in any language apparently has a rival in another word, which is found in a German periodical, "Schornsteinfegermeisterberufgenossenschaft."

Though this is a single word in German, several words are required to express it in English. It means, as nearly as anything else, "The Professional Association of Master Chimney Sweeps."

An English word of respectable dimensions can be produced simply by running all these words into one without space or hyphen.—Youth's Companion.

Rain From a Clear Sky.

We have it on the authority of Sir J. C. Ross that in the south Atlantic rain frequently falls in torrents from the clear sky, and he mentions one occasion when it rained for over an hour when the atmosphere was perfectly clear. In Mauritius and other parts of the southern hemisphere rain from a clear sky is of common occurrence.—St. Louis Republic.

CLASSICAL REVOLUTIONISTS.

The Love of Elegant Precedent In the French Revolutionary Leaders.

Mr. John G. Alger says in his "Glimpses of the French Revolution" that a very noticeable feature of the revolutionary leaders was their admiration for the classical writers and their imitation of the Roman people. The speeches and writings of the times were full of allusions to and similes drawn from the poets and philosophers of antiquity. Says Mr. Alger on this point:

Some of the revolutionists not merely quoted the Romans, but imitated them. Claviere killed himself on the eve of his trial, Valaze stabbed himself in the dock, Condorcet, Buzot, Barbaroux and Roland also committed suicide. Vergniaud had intended to do likewise, but at the last moment changed his purpose. Chabot attempted suicide. Mme. Roland, who at 12 years of age regretted not being a Spartan or a Roman, had to be dissuaded from poisoning herself before trial, one reason, it is but fair to add, being that her property would thus have been saved for her daughter from confiscation. Charlotte Corday in stabbing Marat was manifestly acting under classical recollections. She took her favorite Plutarch with her on her journey to Paris, and she hoped to stab Marat in the convention and be torn to pieces, but possibly to be applauded, by his fellow deputies. She counted on meeting Brutus and other ancients in the Elysian fields.

"One regrets the theatrical tone which some may attribute to her collateral descent from Corneille. When arrested, she applied to the committee of public safety for leave to have her portrait taken as a bequest to her native department. At her trial, noticing that an artist, Hauer, was sketching her, she turned her head toward him that he might have a better view, and she obtained permission to give him a two hours' sitting in her cell while waiting for the tumbril. She suggested corrections in his sketch and begged him to send a replica to her father. She presented him also with a lock of her hair. The revolutionists, indeed, were too self conscious."

Another way in which the "Friends of Liberty" showed their admiration for the writers of antiquity was by changing their names for those of their favorite Roman heroes or heroines. This copying of the names and even the customs of ancient Greece and Rome must have often led to some very strange incongruities.

"Even the rooms in the Paris prisons were inscribed Cincinnatus, Brutus, Socrates, etc., sometimes also Marat, which was peculiarly appropriate, until in June, 1794, Payan urged on the municipality that the shades of these great men would be indignant at seeing the cells of conspirators called by their names. Thereupon the inscriptions were effaced. Civic dinners in imitation of Sparta also became common in Paris a few weeks before Robespierre's fall. People had tables spread outside their houses in the street and had their servants sit down to partake with them. A man would be heard haughtily ordering his servant on the staircase and coming out to dinner would have that servant sit beside him and would drink his health. A fashionable lady would say: 'Look how I love equality! I dine publicly with my servants.' This innovation, denounced by some as an intrigue of the Hebertists, by others as an aristocratic device for lulling patriotic suspicions, was, however, very short lived."

A Mild Rebuke.

In a small New England village there lives a man named Jenkins Sanderson, whose enormous, ungainly figure and forbidding expression of countenance seem to belie his real gentleness and good nature and make him an object of distrust and sometimes even of horror to strangers. His wife is a thin, prim old lady, the embodiment of neatness and exceedingly quiet in her manners. She has a serene, placid face, which is not often agitated by smiles and still more rarely ruffled by frowns.

She was taking tea one summer afternoon with a neighbor who had a new "summer boarder," a lady of hysterical tendencies, who boasted of the "extreme sensitiveness of her nervous organization." Several other worthy dames, residents of the village, were participants in this mild festivity.

As the guests were seated around the table, the summer boarder chanced to look out of the window and saw Jenkins Sanderson approaching the house with a message for his wife. It was the summer boarder's first sight of him.

"Oh, mercy on us!" she exclaimed in shrill dismay, dropping her teacup, with a clatter. "Just see! Who's that awful looking man coming up the path? He has frightened me almost out of my wits!"

The embarrassment of the other guests was painful for a moment, but no longer. Mrs. Sanderson gazed calmly out of the window and then turned her mild glance upon the hysterical boarder. "Why, ma'am," she said tranquilly, "that is my good husband. He is an awful looking man, but God made him!"—Youth's Companion.

The Way to Tell an Orange.

Big oranges are no good. They are all skin and fiber. If you want "a yellow cup of wine," buy small fruit—that is, fruit that runs 176 or 200 to the box. Weigh it in the hand and take the heaviest. Sweet, sound oranges are full of wine and sugar and very heavy. A thin, smooth skin is a good sign. Wide, deep pored skins are unmistakable signs of a coarse, spongy article. Bright yellow oranges usually cost more than russet, because they are prettier. When the commission merchant buys in a hurry, he saves time by taking an orange between his hands and squeezing it to death. If it runs a cup of wine, he takes as much of the cargo as he needs. If it runs dry, he cuts the price or refuses to trade. There is no surer way to tell the real value of an orange, mandarin or orange fruit.—Exchange.

AN INSECT COMMUNITY.

The Wonderful Methods of Work and Government Employed by Wasps.

Wasps act as architects, builders, carpenters and paper makers. They go abroad into the fields and gardens in search of provisions. With exemplary care for the public welfare they eat out the sunny side of your peaches and carry away meat from the lamb chops in your larder. Man, base man, who robs the busy bee of its hard earned honey and slays the gentle calf for the production of veal cutlets, usually speaks of the socialist insects as robbers and depredators. But he forgets that the generous and public spirited wasp does not levy tribute on his apricots for itself alone. It is the commissary of the republic. Each worker hurries back to the nest the results of his fruit hunting or his marauding expeditions and shares them among his fellow subjects with that distributive justice which Aristotle preached and which nobody in our human communities practices. He carries out the principles of the Fabian society.

Every successful wasp, when he returns to the nest with a piece of prime beef, or a wingless fly, or a cargo of sugar saved for the community from the grocer's barrel, perches on the top of the dome among his assembled fellows, and disgorging all his spoils divides them equally among nurses and paper makers. His two main doctrines are, "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat," and "Every wasp to labor according to his capacity and receive according to his needs in a free community."

Division of labor, I believe, goes a long way in the nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers, others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians, while yet others are engaged as paper makers and masons. It is even said that these last work by definite shifts, I know not on what authority, and that they each have a space of about a square inch allotted to them to fill with cells, on which no neighboring worker is permitted to encroach with impunity. But these are perhaps the fictions of imaginative observers. At any rate, the eight hours' act is not yet in operation. Wasps work early and late of their own mere notion.—Longman's Magazine.

Kossuth's English.

Kossuth had a remarkable mastery of English. This story shows how he strengthened his knowledge of our difficult tongue. Speaking at Concord, Mass., Kossuth wished to express the figure of the Austrian eagle rending the young freedom of Hungary. The word escaped him. Stopping for a moment in the full flight of eloquence, he asked a matter of fact American who sat near him, "What you say when man tear his coat?" "Hole," was the reply. That word did not satisfy him, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who had overheard the question, whispered "rent," with poetic sympathy for euphony, and the stately sweep of the sentence was completed. He learned the language after his arrest in 1837, when he was sentenced in 1838 to three years' imprisonment, during a part of which he was cut off from all communication with his friends and was denied the use of pen and ink, and even of books. In the second year he was allowed to read, but as all political books were interdicted he selected an English grammar, Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, and Shakespeare. Without knowing a single word he began to read "The Tempest." He was engaged for a fortnight in getting through the first page.—Chicago Herald.

Rousseau and Millet.

Rousseau and Millet were very unlike, as one may infer from their work. Rousseau was essentially a landscape painter, and it was in the woods that he found his favorite themes. The splendors of the setting sun or sheltered nooks in the woods were subjects he was fond of painting. Beautiful effects like these enraptured him, and naturally he sought to reproduce them. Millet, like Rousseau, was an admirer of the grandeur and richness of nature, but he was more deeply moved by another sentiment. In his mind it was man who played the principal part, and to his eyes the landscape was the stage on which the drama of humanity was represented. The continued labor which the life of man demands, his sufferings, his pains as well as his joys, his pleasures, his weariness, his rest, his peace—these were the conditions that appealed most strongly to Francois' imagination, and it was these which he felt himself driven to paint.—Pierre Millet in Century.

Going Far For a Precedent.

It is about 15 years since the District of Columbia courts ceased to consider Good Friday a nonjudicial day. In Chief Justice Cartter's court at that time the old custom was first changed. Said the late Hon. Richard T. Merrick to the late Chief Justice Cartter:

"You will not hold court tomorrow?"

"Why not?" said the chief justice.

"It will be Good Friday," answered Mr. Merrick. "Court has never been held on that day."

"This court will be held," declared the chief justice.

"Then," said Mr. Merrick, "your honor will be the first judge who has held court on that day since Pontius Pilate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Vast Concern.

A Cheltenham correspondent states that he, a builder's clerk to a well known firm in Cheltenham, "can boast by saying that we do sufficient trade in this town alone to keep a nation in regular employment." The answer must be appended. The firm have an apprentice whose name is "A. Nation."—Hereford (England) Journal.

Limitations of Hypnotism.

New Boarder—What's the row up stairs?

Landlady—It's that professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening.—New York Weekly.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—Luke H Lyons, Pres, 193 W North av; James Cullinan, V-P; James Perkins, Rec Sec, 585 Elston av; E S Hanrahan, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union-st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; Michael Punch, V-P; E M O'Reilly, R S, 636 Baker av; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Monday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O'Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Abern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Eigeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie-st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie-st; H J Bradshaw, Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; P F Conway, V P; M J Moran, Rec Sec, 3133 Archer av; J W Williams, Fin Sec; M J Hogan, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 15—John McGuire, Pres, 5200 Centre av; Thomas Swift, V P; Patrick J McCarthy, Rec Sec, 5158 Aberdeen st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; John T Kenny, Treas. Meet N E corner 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3822 Justine st; James Took, V P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1809 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

Div 17—Michael S Flanegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3623 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Jas Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4004 Ashland-av; Jno Watera, FS; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O'Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 254, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; Jas Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill.; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Patrick Tobin, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Keeley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3736 Lowe av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 3627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6835 Stoney Island av; J J Healy, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Dooley, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres, [illegible], 223 Larkin st; V-P, D J Solon; R S, [illegible] Wilmot, 418 E Superior st; Fin Sec, [illegible]; Treas, [illegible]; Chancellor, [illegible]; Commander, [illegible]; Vice-Comdr, John Tobin. Meet [illegible] in Cook. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at [illegible] p m in Temperance hall, corner [illegible].

FATHER MATHEW T A & B. SOCIETY.

Organized [illegible]; David L Barry, Pres, 22 Fluin st; Michael Kenny, 1st V P; J J Barry, 2d V P; J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor st; J McCarey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 130 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 265 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Heary Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Keller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 2389 Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 3:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3740 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a ; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1063 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1068 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4089 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 22nd place; R S, Joseph Seits, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turpin. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J P Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 81 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 973 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 1728 Hudson av; F S, Fred Kring; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael F Dalton, 3806 Keeler av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Carney. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall,

1779. 1894.

MOORE ANNIVERSARY.

The 115th Anniversary of the Birth of

IRELAND'S NATIONAL BARD,

The Illustrious Poet, Thomas Moore, will be Celebrated at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 28, 1894.

The Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, of Michigan, will be the Orator of the occasion. Mr. M. J. Murphy, the Celebrated Irish-American Baritone, assisted by other artists of eminence, will take care of the musical part of the programme. The entertainment will be under the auspices of the Moore Memorial Committee of Chicago.

TICKETS . . . . 50 CENTS

Exchangeable at the Box Office for Reserved Seats.

BOXES, - - - $5.00, $4.00 and $3.00

According to location.

KEELEY

Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS

AND

Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.

CHICAGO ILL.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST

BREWING COMPANY'S

BOTTLED BEER.

Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE,

CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS

HERMAN PABST, Manager.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

AGENTS Wanted. Liberal Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,

Wholesale Cigars.

Sole Proprietors of

LA CARINA,

Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.

122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,

CHICAGO.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

IN A TRIPLE OVER

5 DAYS

BY THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

"LUCANIA" and "CAMPANIA"

The New Twin Screw Steamships,

620 ft. LONG, 12,950 TONS, 30,000 H.-P.

Positively the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.

"Umbria" "Etruria" "Aurania" "Servia"

and other Floating Palaces, comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

TWO AND THREE SAILINGS A WEEK.

All calling at Queenstown

SEND FOR YOUR FRIENDS

by this line, which has been running over 25 years, never lost a passenger and has broken all records viz: 5 days, 9 hours, 25 minutes.

Tickets to and from all the principal English, Irish and Scotch ports, at rates as low as by any first-class passenger line.

FREE USE of BEDDING and UTENSILS for all steerage passengers.

F. G. WHITING, Mgr West. Dept. 131 Randolph St., Chicago

Agents wanted for British and Irish business.

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE, Or Sending for Your Friends,

BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE

MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 18 hours, 8 min.

TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 37 min.

BRITANNIC, 7 days, 6 hours, 32 min.

GERMANIC, 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.

ADRIATIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.

N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,

64 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.

UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE

H. R. EAGLE

The balance of the Furniture and Linens from the Mecca Hotel is now at our store, 68 and 70 Wabash-av. This is the last chance to get an extra quality of Furniture for a very little money.

Extra Heavy and Fine Bleached Bed Sheets, made of best 11-4 sheeting, most of them have never been out of the original packages, retail value $1.25 per pair, to go for, per pair..... **49c**

Large Size Pillow Slips, extra good quality, bleached, worth 25 cents each, to go for..... **10c**

Towels and other Linens to go in same proportion.

GROCERIES.

1-lb cans Baking Powder	7 cents
Bixby's Royal Polish for Ladies' Shoes	5 cents
Large Size Water Pails, each	4 cents
New Run Maple Sugar, per lb	10 cents
Coke Laundry Soap, per bar	2½ cents
1-lb packages Laundry Starch	3 cents
1-lb packages Best Corn Starch	3½ cents
Best Ammonia, per bottle	5 cents
Armour's Best Quality Glue, per lb	12 cents
Pint bottles Mixed Pickles, Gherkins or White Onions, bottle.	9 cents
New Tomato Catsup, per bottle	6 cents
1-gallon jugs New Tomato Catsup	49 cents
Best French Mustard per bottle	5 cents
10 lbs White or Yellow Cornmeal	15 cents
12 packages Garden Seeds for	9 cents
Quart package Lawn Grass Seeds	10 cents
Evaporated California Dried Pears, per lb	7 cents
20-lb boxes California Loose Muscatel Raisins	79 cents
22-lb boxes Fancy Imported Cluster Dehesia Raisins, per box.	$1.49
15-lb pails Large Family Mackerel	99 cents
15-lb pails Fancy Irish Mackerel	$1.39
15-lb pails Columbia River Blood Red Salmon	$1.19
2-lb cans Early June Peas	6 cents
1-lb cans T. S. Salmon	7 cents
2-lb cans Sugar Corn	5 cents
1-lb cans Mackerel	9 cents
Imported Sardines, in good oil, per can	10 cents
1-lb cans Little Neck Clams, per can	10 cents
3-lb cans California Apricots, per can.	10 cents
3-lb cans California Muscat Grapes, per can	8 cents
3-lb cans Fancy California Green Gages, per can	12½ cents
2-lb cans Fancy Sliced Pineapples	10 cents
2-lb cans Table Blackberries, per can	6½ cents
3-lb cans Fancy Asparagus, per can	15 cents
3-lb cans Jersey Sweet Potatoes	9 cents

COFFEE.

After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
3 lbs Roasted Fancy Java and Mocha Coffee for	$1.00
6 lbs Ground Rio Coffee for	$1.00
9 lbs Ground Coffee for	$1.00

TEA.

Moyune Young Hyson Tea, per lb	15 cents
Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	19 cents
Fine New Crop Japan Tea, per lb	25 cents
Moyune Gunpowder Tea, per lb	35 cents
Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea, per lb	50 cents

CIGARS.

Edna, 50 in Box	45 cts	Cuban Perfecto, long filler, 50 in box	$1.00
Henry Clay, 50 in box	49 cts	Cleopatra, 50 in box	$1.25
Crown Jewel, 50 in box	50 cts	Our Eagle K. W., long Havana filler, 50 in box	$1.75
Don Antonio, 50 in box	65 cts	Manuel Garcia, Havana filler, Florida wrapper, 50 in box	$1.90
Key West Beauties, 50 in box	75 cts		
Porto Rico, 50 in box	90 cts		
Spanish Five, 50 in box	85 cts		

H. R. EAGLE & CO. - 196 - BEST MINNESOTA PATENT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour - **$3.69**

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	49 cts
50-lb Bags, each	97 cts
98-lb Bags, each	$1.80
Bohemian Rye Flour, per brl	$2.95

BIG SHOE SALE

THIS WEEK.

Children's Grain Shoes, solid leather (heel), in all sizes, 8 to 10½	49 cts
Misses' Grain Shoes, solid leather (heel), in all sizes, 11 to 2	59 cts
Ladies' Tan Oxfords, Piccadilly last, in all sizes	98 cts
Ladies' Fine Dongola Shoes, sizes 2½, 3, 3½	75 cts
Ladies' Hand Turned French Dongola Shoes, sizes 2½, 3, 3½ and 4	98 cts
Ladies' Hand Sewed Turn Shoes creased vamp, Philadelphia last, a $4.50 shoe for (the latest)	$2.75
Men's Calf and Sat'n Oil Shoes, in button, lace and congress, sizes 9, 10 and 11, only	89 cts
Men's Tan Shoes, hand sewed, in the latest last, all sizes, a $5 shoe, for	$2.75
Men's Fine Calfskin Shoes, hand sewed, in the latest last and all sizes, regular $5, for	$2.75
Men's Button and Lace Low Shoes, calfskin, $2.50, $3 and $3.50 shoes, for	75 cts

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

Carpet Tacks, any size, large or small, per dozen	9 cents
Good strong Tack Hammers, bronzed, each	2 cents
"Handy" Carpet Stretchers, the very best, each	9 cents
Excellent Carpet Beaters, made of the best copper wire, this sale each	11 cents
Rattan Furniture Beaters, extra quality, each	15 cents
Window Brushes, for family use, with squegee attachments, worth 25c, this sale	11 cents
Roman Match Safes	4 cents
Good Strong Dust Pan, well made, each	5 cents
Nutmeg Graters, with boxes on top for nutmegs, each	1 cent
Japanned Coal Hods	9 cents
Steak Pounder and Ice Chopper combined, each	5 cents
Potato Peelers, fancy japanned handle, each	6 cents
Chimney Cleaners, extra quality, each	5 cents
Heavy Cake Turners, sheet iron or heavy tin plates, each	4 cents
1 Gallon Tin Oil Cans, this sale, each	13 cents
1 Gallon Glass Oil Cans, with tin jacket, the best made, this sale, each	19 cents
Well-made Ash Sieves, a regular 15-cent one, this sale, each	6 cents
The Handy Knife and Scissors Sharpener, worth 25c, our price, each	6 cents
Electric Soldering Plates, can be used 192 times for mending tinware or any other metal goods, each	10 cents

Re'iab'e House-Furnis'ning Goods at 50 Cen's on the Dollar.

"Never-Break" Step-Ladders, best and strongest ladder made, will not weaken in the joints and is perfectly safe, 6-foot size,

37 cents.

All other sizes in proportion.

Lot 1—Washtubs or Keelers, this sale	14c
Lot 2—Good Tapestry Brooms, this sale	16c
Lot 3—"Common-Sense" Washers, this sale	$2.49
Lot 4—Largest Willow Clothes Baskets	53c

H. R. EAGLE & CO., 68 & 70 WABASH AVENUE.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

P. H. Heffron.

RICHELIEU WINE CO. (INCORPORATED)

WINES IN BOND OR TAX PAID

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

74 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ills

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.

134 WEST MADISON STREET.

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

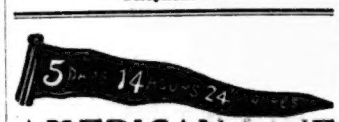
John Naghten & Co,

INSURANCE.

A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies, School Houses and Dwellings, at Rea onable Rates.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 593.



AMERICAN LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The shortest and most convenient route to London. *No transfer by tender — No tidal delays.* Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.

Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.

Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY, 32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER. PILSENER BEER

CHAS. DENNEHY & CO.,

DISTILLERS

AND

IMPORTERS

OF

FINE LIQUORS.

39 S. Water St.,

CHICAGO.

GLASS! GLASS!

Kinsella Glass Company

207 S. CANAL-ST., CHICAGO.

Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental Glass, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

M'AVOY BREWING COMPANY,

2349 South Park Av.

Pure Lager Beer.

Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.

TELEPHONE SOUTH 257

JOSEPH SCHLITZ

Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.